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A BRIEF AUTOBIOGRAPHY

of

JAMES D. WALLACE, SR.

November, 1948

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Wallace
Brief autobiography of James
David Wallace 1868-1948, born
Carroll Co., Miss 14 Feb. 1868, die
29 June 1948

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A Brief Autobiography of
James David Wallace
Born Carroll County, MS
14 Feb 1868
Died 29 Jun 1948

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FOREWORD

I have recorded the facts listed below for the following reasons:

1. To provide a motive for practice in touch typing.

2. To live over again in memory those, to me, stirring events which formed so much of my life experiences.

3. To make available the facts found herein should my own children want them after I have passed away and can no longer be questioned concerning them.

4. To comply with requests made by my sisters and some of my children for them.

ANCESTRY

I know nothing of my great grandparents except this: The story has come down through our family that four Wallace brothers set out from Scotland, came to America and settled in one of the Carolinas. It is said that their descendents emigrated north, south, west and southwest and that our family comes from one of these descendents of the original four Scottish Wallace brothers. I have met a number of people who spell their name as above, some however, spelling their name Wallis whose families hold the same story concerning the Wallace brothers and apply the story to their own families just as we do. I have been unable to establish any kinship with these, but many of them have the same bodily appearance and other likenesses to our family, indicating a likely family relationship.

From the above named Wallace descendents my great grandfather, Asa Thomas Wallace, is said to have come and settled somewhere in Alabama, we never knew where.

My Wallace Grandparents

I never knew any of my father's family. The most I ever knew about them came from occasional remarks made by my parents. I learned that my Wallace grandfather's name was Asa Thomas Wallace, as best I can remember. My grandmother's name was Apsy Marina McMillan. My grandfather was said to have been Scotch and my grandmother Irish. When my father was about six years of age the family left their home in Alabama and were moving through Arkansas on their way to Texas. When they reached Forest City, Arkansas, my grandfather took what was called a congestive chill, died, and was buried on Crowley's Ridge near Forest City about the year 1845. The family then returned to Alabama where they resided for several years. Later, all but Uncle John, who never left Alabama, came to Mississippi and settled on Pelutia Creek, a few miles from Carrollton in Carroll County, Mississippi.

Uncle John continued to live in Alabama. About 1885, my father went to Alabama to visit Uncle John but found he had died several years before. His descendents doubtless still live there. Uncle David, who came with Grandmother to Mississippi, died and was buried somewhere near where the city water tank now stands in Carrollton, Mississippi.

Coming with his mother to this state, my father continued to reside with her until the outbreak of the Civil War when he volunteered as a private in Company B, 28th Regiment, Dixie Rangers.

My Bock Grandparents

My grandfather, Thomas Wright Beck, was born December 28, 1799, and died November 10, 1869, when I was about one and one-half years old, as I was told. I do not remember anything whatever about him. What I write here was told to me by members of my father's family. I knew my grandmother, Esther Blackmon Fellows Bock, born August 5, 1812, until I went away to college at the age of twenty-two. While I was away at college she died, September 10, 1890. My grandfather and grandmother were reared in the Carolinas and came to Mississippi by way of Georgia. They settled on a farm three miles south of Coila on the

highway leading from Coila and intersecting with the highway from Black Hawk to Vaiden at the place known in my childhood as the Heggie Old Place. Their farm consisted of about 320 acres, and lay on both sides of the above named road, also on both sides of Dry Creek.

The buildings of the farm consisted of the big house, a one-story log house, with two large rooms, a hall between, shed rooms in the rear and porch extending the full length in front, slaves' quarters in the rear, and some distance from the big house, a kitchen out in the back yard, since the slaves had to do the cooking, a smoke house, extensive stables and cribs, a home-made molasses mill, and horse cotton gin. The house was built of logs and had a stick and dirt chimney at each end. The jambs of the chimney on the west end of the house were very compact and hard. The body of this chimney was made of timbers dovetailed together. Uncle Martin, husband of Aunt Sarah, had built this chimney. When I asked him how he got the jambs of this chimney so firm and hard, he jokingly replied that he put in there some dry dust and beat it with a maul till water ran out. This house fronted north. The dug well from which all water for all purposes was gotten, was about two hundred yards down the hill to the northwest.

In the barn I saw for the first time a corn sheller. It stood about four feet high, was about three feet wide and about two feet from back to front. In running, it made a noise like a threshing machine. In later years I owned a Black Hawk sheller not much larger than a large dinner plate. This sheller did a more rapid and satisfactory job than the first sheller I ever saw. Its cost was perhaps less than one-tenth the cost of the larger machine.

The molasses mill and gin were built by Uncle Martin. The molasses mill had three crushing rollers set vertically along side each other. It took two to feed in the sugar cane. One feeder stood on one side and fed the cane between two rollers, and the other caught the partially crushed cane and passed it back between two rollers sitting closer together.

The horse gin was one of the most interesting of the buildings. The greater part of it stood on columns about ten feet high. The columns were about two feet in diameter and braced at such angles as to render the building quite steady. The rest of the main building, about twenty per cent of it, extended to the ground and formed the lint room. Near the center of the main part of the building, extending from the ground, was a cylindrical shaft, about three feet in diameter. This was set vertically on pivots at the bottom and top so this shaft could turn in the direction of its circumference. Two-thirds the length of the shaft from the ground a wheel twelve feet in circumference, was built on spikes extending from the vertical shaft. On the upper rim of this wheel cogs, two inches thick, three inches high, were set three inches apart. Beyond the circumference of this wheel another wheel twelve feet wide was placed so that its axle stood at right angles to the wheel on the vertical shaft. The axle of the last named, the band wheel, had cogs fitted into the cogs turning horizontally as the vertical shaft turned. About one and one-half feet from the ground levers with guide poles were fitted on opposite sides of the vertical shaft. This completed the running gear, as it was called, of the gin.

The press, standing some distance from the gin, had as its main feature a cylindrical screw about two feet in diameter and twelve feet long. Into the outer surface of this were cut threads about four inches wide and one inch deep. This, made to pass through two blocks of wood when bolted together, made

a block about three by four by eight feet. Before bolting those blocks together threads corresponding to those on the screw had been cut. Across the top of the screw was a beam to which levers came to a point at the highest point. To the levers mules were hitched to turn the screw in pressing the cotton. A follow block at the lower end of the screw to which the screw was pinioned pressed down on the lint cotton which had been packed into the box of the press. One to three bales could be ginned and pressed in a day and a large part of the night. After a few years, the steam gin and press which could gin seven bales per day, soon supplanted the horse gin. While the horse gin was used, I delighted in driving the horses or riding on the lever. Sometimes, however, the belt ran off the big band wheel. In this case, the driver had either to run from under, or lie down and let the lever run over him as the horses, relieved of their pull, and struck behind by the levers, usually ran away and could not be stopped for some time.

Grandfather, Mr. Madison Flowers, Mr. Jim Fields, and two others, whose names I never knew, organized Coila Baptist Church. My father, mother, and their eight children, later became members of this church. My grandmother Wallace and my father, then a small boy, once attended this church while a conference was being held to decide whether to exonerate and retain their pastor, Dr. Linder. The conference seemed to have been a heated one. In the end, Dr. Linder was kept and Grandfather Beck withdrew his letter and kept it out until the denomination silenced Dr. Linder and the church dismissed him as pastor. On the way home my father said to his mother that old man Beck certainly was hard to get along with. He did not then know that he would marry this quarrelsome old man's daughter.

Grandfather Beck was said to be very disagreeable with his family, but very kind to his slaves, of which he had about one dozen. Some of his slaves had names as follows: Rose, Oscar, Tom, Clarissa, Adaline, George, Charles, Henrietta, Amanda, Ned and Jane. My Grandfather Beck was a prominent citizen, a leader in his church, and served several terms as magistrate of his district. He was commonly spoken of as Judge Beck. His death was said to have been caused from a fall from his favorite saddle horse. He was first buried in the family garden, but during my boyhood, I saw his body taken up, carried to Old Salem and buried there. It was said he would never perform a ceremony for a runaway couple, although it was said that he and grandmother ran away to get married. I do not know what, if any, connection there might have been between his experience and what he thought might come to couples who ran away to marry.

Grandmother Beck was a very industrious woman. During my youth I was often sent to spend the night with her when her youngest son, Uncle Joe, with whom she lived many years, had to be away over night. Whenever I arrived there were always tasks waiting to be done by me. This kind of conversation often went on, "Well, Davy, you have now framed this rose bush. You know one good turn deserves another Now you must frame this honeysuckle for me." Grandmother was also strong and had a strong voice. One day, Yank, my esteemed negro playmate, and I were in the kitchen where grandmother was cooking dinner. All of a sudden Yank made for the door with grandmother in hot pursuit. She caught him at the door, threw him down and gave him a sound beating. Yank was unable to get away from her though he was a well-developed fourteen year old negro boy. The affair frightened me greatly. I feared I might be next, as I did not know until I got Yank aside and learned from him, just what was the cause of it all. When I asked him what he had done he said that he had sassed her.

Once old Molly, the farm mare, caved off and fell into a sand gulley, landing in a position from which she was unable to get to her feet. Uncle Joe was working a full mile away, but Grandmother called him and explained clearly to him old Molly's plight. I loved Grandmother Beck and at the same time, feared her greatly. During the years when I was greatly interested in experimentation and hoping to make some great discovery which would focus the attention of the world on me, I determined to prove whether false or true a statement I had often heard made that one could not wet a duck with water. One day while trying the matter out by pouring one dipper of water after another on my favorite duck, Dimdon, Grandmother came upon me, gave me a sound thrashing, and made me fetch from the well some distance away down the hill a fresh bucket of water. After each dipper of water, Dimdon would shake himself and be as dry as he was before. In those days, matches were not as cheap or as plentiful as they now are. Men lighted their pipes by the use of a burning glass, a double convex lens, when out in the sun. During one of my experiments I discovered that a burning glass would burn a hole through paper. I then tried the experiment on the front gallery floor and had just succeeded in burning a hole through when my grandmother came upon me and gave me a sound thrashing. However, nothing gave me greater satisfaction during those early years than to sit with Grandmother around a wood fire on a winter night, look at her knit, and listen to the tick-tock of the big Seth Thomas clock on the wall and regular puff puff from Grandmother's clay pipe with its cane stem.

Grandfather Beck was said to be very fond of deer hunting. There were many deer near him during his lifetime. I have seen a tree in the forks of which he is said to have sat near a famous deer lick near Black Hawk, from which he shot and killed a fine buck. His deer rifle for many years remained in the rack over his bedroom door and I have seen this rifle there many times.

My Father's Family

At the outbreak of the Civil War my father volunteered as a private in Company B, 28th Regiment, Dixie Rangers. My father served in the Confederate Army until near the close of the war when he and several companions were captured by Union soldiers at some point in Alabama and brought to Meridian, Mississippi, to be shipped to a northern prison. In the darkness before day, as the prisoners were being marched to the train, my father and his companions carried out a plan they had made the night before by stepping out of the line of march as if they were civilians. Following the prisoners to the railroad my father and companions climbed on top the train and rode to Brooksville, Mississippi. At this point, they left the train and went to their homes. Afflicted with chronic diarrhea Father hid in the woods near his home to escape re-capture by the Yankees. When his condition appeared to be improved, he prepared to return to his command when the war came to an end.

Many stories were told me of his army life. When the train from Meridian stopped at Lockhart to take on wood for the engine, one of his companions who had not escaped at Meridian saw his companions on top the train and managed to escape and join them. However, he had left the coffee belonging to the squad in the car and was afraid to return for it. They thus lost the one grain each a day which they had saved over some weeks until they should have enough to make a pot of coffee.

Once Father and two others were detailed to slip into the Yankee lines to seize some horses. They were to enter the lines, cut the horses loose, and ride

them away under fire. They had slipped along under cover of a small cotton house. When they emerged from behind this house a Yankee officer cried "Halt." Each fired at him and then ran for cover of the mountain. At the foot of the mountain one got tangled in his gun strap and was captured. When Father reached the road at the top of the mountain two horsemen came alongside him and drew their sabers to hack him down, but he dashed out under the neck of one horse and escaped down the far side of the mountain. When Father reached the foot of the mountain on the side opposite the Yankee camp, he met his other companion, and as both heard the Yankee horsemen coming, loading their guns, it seemed the last shot they had had been fired at Father as he plunged down the mountain side and it into a bush just above his head, for it seemed the Yankees expected them to seek to cross the river at the ferry. Instead, Father and his companion jumped into a field of high corn. Father stood straight up, while his companion lay down under a small peach tree. When the Yankees had passed they crossed the cornfield, and Father swam the river on his back and pulled along the other man holding to a rail. The other man could not swim. In this way, they escaped to their own lines.

Once when my father and some companions were sleeping in a vacant house in Alabama they were awakened by some Yankees coming into the room. Someone said, "Hello, boys, who captured you?" One of the newcomers replied, "You had better ask who captured you." Then began a scramble by each Confederate soldier to hide what he could of watches, money, and knives so as to keep them. All the Confederates were soon hurried off to Meridian as mentioned above.

Returning from the war broken in health, stripped of all property, and penniless, my father worked one or more years on a steam boat, plying the Yazoo and Mississippi Rivers, serving sometimes as captain and at others as pilot.

On May 12, 1867, my father married Helen Maria Beck, my mother. In those days it was the custom for the would-be groom to ask the parents of his lady love for permission to marry their daughter. It is said that when my father asked for my mother that Grandfather Beck began to object, when my father broke in telling him that they were going to marry in spite of what he might say. Then it is said that Grandfather Beck said no more.

To my parents were born eight children, three boys and five girls. James David, the oldest, was commonly called Davy by most of the kin, but called Jack by my mother's brothers. I was born at the old Baskin house February 14, 1868. Anna Lena also was born there December 13, 1869. Jesse Thomas was born September 18 1872, and died April 30, 1940. Esther Etoile was born November 30, 1874, and died August 24, 1935. Victor Vinnette was born February 15, 1878, and died December 23, 1928. Lutie Vivian was born August 22, 1880. The last four were born at the Little House. Katie Francis was born at the Mike House July 18, 1883, and Ida Odom was born November 23, 1888, at Grandma's house.

PLACES OF ABODE

The Baskin Old Place

This place was located about three miles southwest of Coila, Carroll County, Mississippi. I visited it once in my childhood. I saw nothing but the remains

of a three-room house and a deserted worn-out old farm, but found along the creek running through the place some of the largest, sweetest, red plums I ever saw.

Arkansas Residence

After about three years spent at the Baskin Old Place engaged in farming, our family moved to Arkansas, where my Father's mother and sister had settled near Newport. They made the trip in an ox wagon camping out at night on the way. I recall nothing of the trip except sitting by a fire where we had camped one night, and the odor of the burning leaves beside the burning log. On this trip they traveled for some time with a Mr. Quantrell. This man, also traveling in an ox wagon, was very kind. He seemed to have plenty of money and always insisted in paying for both parties all bills for ferries, tolls for crossing bridges, and other like expenses. I suppose he saw how little money my father had for making the trip. There was about this time a noted Quantrell Band of Robbers. We have often wondered since if this traveling companion could have been the notorious Quantrell traveling incognito and treating Father kindly while he studied him as to whether he might be a suitable one to add to the Quantrell Robber Band. If so, I suppose my father's honesty, frankness, apparent and so manifest sense of square dealing with everyone, caused Quantrell to leave him alone.

Our family spent about two years in and about Newport and Batesville and in Oil Trough Bottom. For a while my father sold artificial honey which he made partly of real honey and partly of sugar, flavoring the honey with wintergreen.. He told me of seeing in that state flour sold in sacks. Until after the first World War I never saw flour put up in any way except in barrels or half-barrels.

After about two years spent in Arkansas, part of this time spent in farming, because of my mother's dissatisfaction, the family returned to Mississippi, living for a few months in the house with Grandma Beck. After this, having obtain from a neighbor, Mr. Vaiden Hughes, a one-room log house located just across the line between Mr. Hughes' land and my Grandma's land, and having rolled this house across onto Grandma's land, our family moved in.

The Little House

The Little House, so called because it was the smallest house in which the family ever lived, was a log cabin about sixteen by eighteen feet in size. It had one door and no window. It had a rough plank floor, no door shutter until my father made one out of foot-wide planks and hung it on wooden hinges which he made, and a stick and dirt chimney. Once before the door shutter was set up, while I was sleeping on a pallet on the floor, a rat, a cat, or some other wild animal came in and bit me on the nose. After several months' living in the Little House, my father built a shed in front of the house. This was helpful in keeping sun and rain out.

As the practice was during those years, the stick and dirt chimney to the Little House was built in the following manner: Beginning at the ground an outside frame form was set up extending from the ground to about eighteen inches above the top of the back and jambs. About twelve inches inside an inside form was set extending from the ground as high as it was desired for the back and jambs to go. Between the two forms clay was poured and pressed and beaten down with a maul until the whole mass became packed and firm. Then, beginning at the top of the outside frame, a pen was built, at first rectangular, but gradually drawn in on the two shortest sides until the pen became about two and one-half feet square.

The pen was built of timbers about one and one-half inches square and as long as that part was wide. The pen was carried upward until it reached a point somewhat above the comb of the house. After this, a beam was placed across the top of the pen and a weight was suspended from the top beam to hold the pen in place. Next the pen was daubed between the timbers and inside and out with clay mud. When this was done, the chimney was washed down inside and out so that the clay about one-half inch thick over all timbers was smooth and shining. The chimney was then given two or three days to dry out, the inner form removed, a hearth built from the ground up to the floor level, a light fire built within, a few hours given for the light fire to finish drying out the chimney and the chimney was ready for use. As long as we lived in the Little House my mother cooked on the fire place to the stick and dirt chimney. I was between four and five years old, perhaps nearer five, when the stick and dirt chimney was built to the Little House. However, there was a very sad disappointment to me in connection with the building of this chimney. A rope was needed, and I was sent to Grandma Beck's to get it. It was needed to suspend the weight to hold the pen in place for the daubing. Grandma lived nearly a mile away. This was the first time I had been entrusted with so important a task to be done at such distance under such danger as I then supposed lurked in waiting to harm me on the trip. I went without mishap, secured the rope, and returned to find trace chains had been improvised and that my dangerous venture had been undertaken to no purpose.

A cubbard was built in the corner of the chimney and house on the outside, a crib was built for corn, and a stable built for old Dick, the mule. A hollow tree was found, split lengthwise for a feed trough. The chickens roosted in trees and our farm home buildings were complete. We then moved in.

" Backward, turn backward, O time in your flight
And make me a child again just for tonight....."

Life for me at the Little House as a whole was a pleasure, but certain things inevitably marred things for a while. The failure on my part to get back in time to add my contribution in the form of a rope to the building of the stick and dirt chimney mentioned above was one. I had caught a young wild turkey one day while hoeing in the field. He was colored not yellow as most domestic turkeys, but checkered like all wild turkeys. I had visions of raising a flock of turkeys colored like this one, but tame, from whose sale I was to gain a considerable sum. The turkey died that night. There grew on the place an apple tree whose fruit ripened in the fall. I never before nor have I since tasted apples altogether so good. They were a combination of the juicy Winesap and the Delicious. A young tree had sprung up from this tree. I claimed it for my own and dug close and deep around it by way of cultivation. It died. Mother had sent Brother J. T. and me to the field for something. We found fish in a hole where the creek was drying up, got in and caught a large number which we carried home. Arriving late, Mother gave us a scolding for our tardiness, and had us place the fish in a tub of water. Next morning all were dead.

While the above named sorrows brought sadness to my youthful mind, other things brought gladness for a boy's appetite sometimes seems to constitute the larger part of the boy. To occupy my leisure time, of which I seemed to have a good deal during those years, there was to be found on the farm walnuts, hickory nuts, chestnuts, hazel nuts, blackberries, dewberries, mulberries, gooseberries, strawberries, huckleberries, red haws, black haws, possum grapes, summer grapes, plums, apples, peaches, and currants growing wild in abundance. There were also partridges, rabbits and squirrels in abundance. In the spring season my father

often hunted Wild turkeys and often brought home a nice one. Thus, either nuts, fruits, berries and wild game added to the corn, wheat, molasses, potatoes, and pork which we raised, with all the milk, butter and eggs we wanted, our appetites were satisfied and the children of the family thus supplied with the proper diet, grew up to be quite healthy. As I think over those luxuries of food, I find myself thinking,

Backward, turn backward, O Time in your flight
And make me a boy again just for tonight.....

The Mike House

Having lived at the Little House eight or ten years, our family moved to the Mike House, so called by way of designation, because Mr. Mike O'Keefe had recently moved from there where he had resided much of the time we had lived at the Little House. The Mike House had two large rooms, two shed rooms, a hall between and a porch extending the full length of the house. It furnished us much larger and more desirable living quarters. We had had to depend upon the brook flowing through the not distant woods for our water for all purposes, or to fetch it from Grandma's when the brook ran dry, all the time we lived at the Little House. At the Mike House we had springs near by which supplied us an abundance of pure water.

After about two years at the Mike House, my father decided to move to Arkansas. He sold out almost all he had. Afterward he fell sick and decided to give up his trip to Arkansas. At Christmas time he gave each of us, Brother J. T. and me, a silver dollar to spend on a trip to Black Hawk. Brother spent only a part of his while I spent most of mine. When I learned this, I decided not to be such a spendthrift in the future. While at Black Hawk I bought and ate entirely a ten-cent cocoanut and suffered no ill effect.

The Bill Collier Place

Having surrendered its lease on the Mike House when our family considered moving to Arkansas, we next moved to Grandma's, where after one year, Uncle came back to live with Grandma, and we moved to the Bill Collier place, so called because Bill Collier had owned it and had lived there many years. After moving a part of our household goods to the Collier house and the night before the family moved in, Brother J. T. and I spent the night. Both being interested in Physics and desiring to try out an experiment in distilling, we improvised a rude still for the purpose of making the experiment. Using a tea kettle, and an old gun barrel run through a trough filled with water, we placed the kettle partly filled with blackberry wine which we had made, and having made the whole air-tight with clay mud, we built under it a fire and had a very good run. The run tasted a little of the unburnt powder in the old gun barrel. Otherwise, the liquor was fairly good. We had no interest in the finished product. Our interest was only in the experiment which turned out very well. We never repeated the experiment.

Grandma's Place

After spending one year at the Bill Collier Place, our family returned to Grandma's place, where the family continued to live until after I went away to college and later on until 1903 when the family sold the place and bought one about one and one-half miles northwest of Carrollton where those of the family left at home resided until Mother died February 15, 1908, and Father died on June 6, 1917. Sister Lena then being the only one left, sold the place and went to live with Victor.

Before moving to Grandma's place the last time, my father and Uncle David had bought out the interest of all the others of Grandma's children and then each held one-half interest in the place. Dry Creek ran throughout part of the place. It overflowed after a heavy rain and spread over most of the bottom lands. To correct this, we began work to straighten and deepen the channel. This we accomplished in part while it remained with the family. It was completed later and the last time I visited there, the channel was at least twenty feet deep and wide enough to carry all the water coming into the creek. Along this creek bank willows grew in profusion. Each spring it was my task to cut down these willow sprouts in preparing for the year's crop. Of course, the years were not over five or six years, but to me then the time seemed almost a lifetime. There was a good deal of woodland on the place which my father was as careful to take care of as he was to ditch and dam hillside ditches and washes to prevent erosion. My father did all he could to preserve the wild life on the farm. One day he came upon a negro who had shot a squirrel. He snatched the gun from his hand, gave him a severe scolding, and threatened to beat him up with the negro's gun. During nine years after I began to attend college and to teach, I usually spent the summer months with my parents. My father was a skillful hand in hunting wild bee trees. During the dry summer season, he would sit near a water hole and watch bees coming to get water. Having gotten the direction of their flight, he would search till the bee tree was found. Usually when I reached home in the summer, he had one or more bee trees spotted for us to cut. I was quite handy with tools and out of the willows named above I made and sold at a good price ox yokes. Willow when green is soft and heavy. When dry it is hard, tough, and light. I made a bow bender, and out of hickory found on the place made fine ox bows to go with the yokes. These I easily sold at a good price. I made ax handles, plow stocks, a cotton planter and other things useful on the farm. Out of tuition collected from the first school I taught, I bought and brought home an anvil for the shop and barrel of flour for the pantry.

EDUCATION

Early Schooling

"Oh, were you ne'er a school boy, and did you never train
And feel that swelling of the heart you ne'er can feel again."

I had reached the age of five, the age at which the child could enter school under the law. It had been decided by my parents that I was to enter school. Arrangements had been made for Richard Hodges, an older and a larger boy, living about two miles from our home in an opposite direction from the school I was to enter, to come by for me and escort me to school. He was to serve as a kind of bodyguard to protect me from the older and larger school boys supposed in my childish mind to be very fierce and bloodthirsty.

One bright summer morning Richard and I started out to walk to Tick Ridge school, about two and one-half miles from my home. If Tick Ridge school ever had any other name than that by which it was familiarly known, I never heard the name called. Anyway, at that time, and for many years thereafter I cared very little about what name this school or any other bore. When on the way to school, as it often happened, I began walking too slowly for Richard, he often secured a switch and threatened to switch me, and when I rebelled, he always brought me around by threatening to quit protecting me from the big boys.

My first teacher was Mr. James Bacon. My second was Miss Melissa Cotton. The first taught about two months the first summer and the other an equal time the second summer. During this second summer my sister Lena also entered school.

The order of learning in those days was this: First, the a,b,c's, next spelling on the book, our only text, then spelling off the book. When we had reached words of two syllables in the Blue Back, we spelled off the book. I must have learned very slowly for once I sat under a hickory tree in the yard at the Little House and spelled several pages in the Blue Back only to find I was not reading as I thought, but only spelling.

When I arrived at the school the first day, I found about twenty-five pupils ranging in age from five years to sixteen years had already arrived. Within a few minutes Mr. Bacon, the teacher, came to the door of the school house, rapped with a paddle on the door facing and shouted in a loud voice that afterward oft-repeated, "Come to Books". Entering the one-room log house, the pupils arranged themselves along the walls on rude benches using the walls for bench backs. Soon I was called to the teacher, my name and age recorded, and I was assigned my first lesson consisting of learning the letter "A". I was instructed to return to my place on the bench and learn my first lesson. I had no idea how to study or what learning "A" consisted of. Had I then known that to learn "A" included its name, its form, and its seven sounds, I think I would have been worse confused if possible than I then found myself. Returning to my seat I spent what seemed to me ages in trying to learn "A". After a length of days in time it seemed to me, the teacher said something I did not hear or understand. Anyway, every pupil in the room sprang to his feet, let out, to me, a blood-curdling yell, threw down his books on the bench with a loud bang and rushed headlong out of doors. Richard snatched my Blue Back, (went climbing up the wall and placed our spellers on the plate of the house. Richard had one mark of efficiency, carefulness, even if he never learned to read. I asked Richard what had happened, whether the house was on fire. He said the teacher had said "Recess" and that the pupils always acted the way I had seen them do when any intermission was announced.

Schools like Tick Ridge usually ran one or two months each summer. There were no such schools taught during the winter months. I attended Tick Ridge two or more summers. I do not know what progress I made in learning my a,b,c's. I do remember that I did not learn to read until I began attending school at Coila.

Two tragic things happened to me at Tick Ridge. My father had bought me a new hat to wear to school when I first started. Hats were costly then, and I was told to take good care of my hat. The first day Miss Alice Herod got my hat and put it on her own head. She was so tall I could not reach the hat and I was in despair. I felt sure she would keep it permanently. After trying in vain to retrieve my hat Miss Effie Herod, another big girl, called me to her and told me how to recover my hat. Her plan I quickly put into execution. Going up to Miss Alice, I pretended to have a secret to tell her. When she stooped down to hear what I said I must whisper, I seized my hat and ran away before she could catch me. Ever after I was Miss Effie's loyal friend for kindness she had shown me.

Besides the tragic incident of the hat discussed above, a more serious and startling event occurred while I attended Tick Ridge school. It was the custom at that time to take up school as early in the morning as the pupils could reach school and to dismiss them in the afternoon just early enough for them to reach home before dark. One recess of about thirty minutes was given the pupils in the

forenoon and one of like length in the afternoon while a two-hour recess for playtime was given at noon. During one of the playtimes, soon after I entered school, we had the eagle attack. The teacher had gone home to dinner. All the pupils were left to look after themselves. After the teacher had been gone about one-half hour, suddenly we all heard a sound the like of which none of us had ever heard before. We had all previously heard or read of eagles swooping down, catching children in their claws and flying away with them, no one knew where. The idea was quickly conceived and as quickly expressed that the sound we heard was that of an eagle. We did not stop to inquire if any one present had ever heard an eagle or if what we heard was indeed the voice of an eagle. Without delay, we all rushed for the school building, ran inside, shut and barred the door. There, despite the stifling summer heat we remained for the remaining one and one-half hours until the teacher returned. Some time after the eagle attack we learned that the sound we had heard was that made by Joe King, an out-of-school neighbor boy blowing a gourd.

The next school I attended was at Coila Springs under Mr. Neal first, and after that under Miss Ella Tardy. I learned to read and to write under Mr. Neal. I do not recall how many sessions I attended school at Coila. The pupils were taught to spell by heart, as it was called, in the following manner: The class stood up, the teacher pronounced the word and the pupils named the letters of the word in order and pronounced the word. When one failed to spell a word the next pupil in order was given a chance to spell the word. If he spelled the word he was allowed to pass above the one failing to spell the word. When a pupil had stood at the head of his class for a week he was given one head mark. He could also propose a catch word which, if no one in the class could spell it, he was given a second head mark. Caoutchouc, Bdellium, Gens d'armes, and Belles Lettres were some of the catch words. After the pupil had acquired sufficient proficiency in spelling on the book and by heart, attempt was made to teach him to read some sentences found in the speller. Nothing had then ever been heard about the word or the sentence method of learning to read.

When the teacher announced I could bring a reader, my father went to Aunt Kit's and borrowed a reader for me. There were no uniform books adopted for use in the school until many years thereafter. The first sentence I ever read was, "James has a bat." John Wilcher taught me how to read the sentence. There was a picture on the left side of the page. A boy held a bat like that now used in baseball. I was very curious about this bat James held. I had seen a leather winged bat and a bull bat, but never before had I seen a wooden bat. When we played cat or town ball we had always used a paddle. I was overjoyed when Mr. Neal announced that I might bring a copy book. My cousin Mollie Martin, staying with us at that time, furnished some note paper which Mother sewed between the folds of a newspaper, a pen stock, and a bottle of ink. These I proudly carried to school next day, and when Mr. Neal had set a copy as teachers then did, I began the task of trying to draw the letters as Mr. Neal had formed them.

After I had attended school for several sessions at Coila, our neighbors and my father learned country schools could be located as near each other as two and one-half miles. I went with a party to measure the distance from where we lived to Coila and found the distance to be three miles. Then we got a school located in our community which we named China Grove School. For several years, this school was housed in the Mike House, one time in Grandma's loom house, three times in vacant negro houses, and finally under a brush arbor. We then moved into the new log China Grove School House where I attended school until I began to teach.

Most of the time Mr. Johnson was the teacher at China Grove, but not always did the sessions he taught succeed each other. From time to time this school was taught by others: Mr. Billingsley, Mr. Ely, Mr. Dean, and Mr. Jordan. As I look back on those years I realize that Mr. Johnson was least well educated but the best teacher among them. This seems paradoxical, but it was true.

At China Grove we studied Spelling, Reading, Grammar, Word Analysis, United States History, Geography, Physiology, Arithmetic, Civil Government, and Latin. Once there was a report that the big boys were going to whip Mr. Johnson. He heard of the plot and told them to their faces that the heavy stick he always carried would break some of their heads. The only thing tried was the effort to ride him on a rail. Barky McDowell led the attack. Mr. Johnson threw him to his knees, seized a board and paddled him. Others stood off. Soon Mr. Johnson let Barky up and both showed sense by laughing the matter off. Mr. Ely, a crippled man, did not get off so well. He whipped Coles Johnson, no kin to the teacher Johnson. The next day Coles' father came with a club to beat Mr. Ely up. Mr. Ely pulled a revolver and made Johnson stand off. For this he was arrested and made to pay a fine.

Athletics

Compared with the organized games of today, represented by such sports as baseball, football, basketball, and the like, the free athletic contests of my early school days are in sharp contrast. The latter consisted of tag, mumble peg, base, andy over, roly holy, cat and town ball.

Tag was played by two or more in which effort was made to lightly strike one's opponent and run away before being struck in retaliation. Two or more usually played mumble peg by each contestant in turn striving to cast a knife from various positions on or about one's body in such a way as to cause the open blade to stick upright in the ground. The one casting the knife could throw as many times consecutively as that one could score in going through the requirements of the game. In base, those wishing to play occupied two bases or positions on the school yard some distance apart. The game was begun by some swift runner approaching the other side to give a dare. Anyone of as many as wished from the side dared could chase the one giving the dare. As the side making the dare was approached runners from that side would rush to his rescue. When one was chased and caught that one had to become a member of the side by which he had been caught. Sides were chosen for each side of the school building to play "Andy Over". When the sides had taken their position, one side tossed a ball over the building. Members of the side which caught the ball rushed around both sides of the building to confuse the other side, and the one having the ball then struck with the ball anyone he could. That one struck would then have to join his opponents. The contest continued in this way until one side was wiped out the same as in base, except in base, should a player discover the opposing side entirely deserted, as sometimes happened when a large number of players were chasing members of the opposite team at a great distance from the home base, that player might dash to his opponent's base, spit on it and thus win the contest. For "Roly Holy", as many shallow holes as there were to be players were dug in the ground. These were placed in a straight line. Two were selected to roll the ball used in the game. The rollers stood at the ends of the holes and slowly rolled the ball over the holes aiming to cause it to stop in some one's hole. When this happened it was the task of that one to strike someone with the ball or at least throw at someone. If he missed he got a 'pig'. This was

a small piece of stick or pebble. When a player got five pigs he was stood up beside a post or tree and each player threw five times in the effort to strike the loser. If the one throwing missed, he had to take the place of the one beside the post or tree for as many throws as he had missed throws. This was a rather lively game, as I found when I began teaching, especially as it was often played with a hard baseball and when one was not allowed to dodge when up against the post or tree. If one stood near the holes he was likely to be hit, which gave him a pig, unless he could hit someone else, and this was hard to do as all ran as soon as the ball was rolled. If he did not stand near the holes, the time required to secure the ball from his hole gave all others time to get out of range, as the ball had to be thrown from near the holes.

("Cat" was usually two-cornered where there were two bases about thirty feet apart, or three-cornered in which there were three bases arranged in the form of a triangle at the same distance apart. The players consisted of one pitcher, and as many batters as there were bases, with a catcher behind each batter. There were as many fielders as cared to enter into the game. The pitcher tossed the ball in such a way as to aid the batter in batting it. Should the batter miss and the ball was caught by a catcher, the batter had to surrender the bat to the one who caught the ball. Should a fielder catch the ball when it was batted, he was entitled to the batter's bat, or the batter suffered the same penalty if crossed out by having the ball thrown between him and the base to which he was running. He could bat as long as he could hit the ball and not be caught out or crossed out. Each batter was required to run to another base each time a batter struck a ball. The base to which he ran was determined by the order decided upon at the outset of the game. Town ball had four bases not unlike the present day baseball field, one batter armed with a wide paddle, one catcher, and one pitcher with as many fielders as wished to play. The ball was usually a rubber one or one that could be batted a long distance. The pitcher endeavored to aid the batter in batting the ball. When the ball was batted, the batter had to run entirely around the field in the manner of a present day home run. Anyone catching the ball or crossing out the batter gained the right of being batter.

College

I had taught about four or five months at Old Salem and five months the following winter and spring at the Alliance school about four miles from my father's house before I entered Lexington Normal College in September, 1890. I offered no transcript of former school work. So far as I knew no such entrance certificate was in use anywhere in the South. I never heard of a Carnegie Unit until many years later. I was quizzed by the head of the college and appropriately classified. I had read the catalog of the college and thought I was ready for the Scientific Course as outlined in the college catalog. However, I was convinced that the Business and Teachers Course were more suited to my then scholastic attainments. This was the more suitable course for, I was told, since completion of the Teachers Course by act of the Mississippi Legislature would entitle me to acquire a State Teachers License.

The cost in this college was very low. Board was eight dollars a month and the tuition four dollars a month. Each session of this college was ten months in length. Each session was divided into four terms of two and one-half months each.

All students were required to take at least three branches and to recite in each branch every day throughout the term or quarter. At the end of each quarter each student was required to prepare and deliver a public address on a subject of his choosing or on a subject suggested by the college. After delivering the public address, all male members were entertained at the girl's dormitory, a treat greatly appreciated since this was the only time and way young men and young ladies of the college were allowed to meet in a social way.

This college had one custom I have never seen duplicated elsewhere. Every student was led to endeavor to acquire all required information without the aid of anyone. Each student endeavored to secure more, better, and more accurate information than any other student in his class and to immediately hold up to criticism any other found faulty scholastically. Each student remained constantly alert to catch and expose any and all other students who made a mistake, however insignificant. I roomed with Noah Adair, Joe Lindsey, and Mr. Barrackman, an upper classman at one time. On a certain night ten o'clock arrived and I asked Adair if he had solved a certain problem. He said he had not. I had not solved the problem either, though I had tried long and hard. Anyway, as my bedtime had come, I went to bed. The others remained up. Some time after I had fallen asleep, I waked and stated I had solved the problem. All derided me saying I had been asleep. I maintained I had the solution until Barrackman suggested that I write out the solution, seal it up and hand it to him to keep until Adair had solved or failed to solve the problem. Note that I was unwilling to allow Adair to see my solution. Later that night Adair also solved the problem. When comparison was made the following morning, it was found I had correctly solved the problem. This is an example to what length even roommates would go to outwit each other.

The faculty of this college had been trained in Northern Universities and were far in advance of teachers in other southern colleges at that time. This beginning in individual and research work has proved of invaluable assistance to me since all my other college and university work has been done in absentia with the exception of some summer resident work. I have been taught or have taught in six different colleges and universities and found only two instructors who have in any sense approached the skill and ability of the teachers in Lexington Normal College.

Following is a brief outline of the course I completed during the three years I attended Lexington Normal College:

Business Course

Bookkeeping
Advanced Bookkeeping
Business Practice
Arithmetic
Commercial Arithmetic
Rhetoric
Grammar
Advanced Grammar
Political Economy
Typewriting
Debating
Penmanship
Commercial Law
Business Forms
Commercial Law Debating

Teachers Course

English Grammar
United States History
History of Mississippi
Rhetoric
Mental Arithmetic
Practical Arithmetic
Civil Government
Algebra

Physical Geography
Geography
Philosophy
Physiology
History of Education
Art & Science of Education

Criticism of Educational Theories
School Business
Reading
Drawing
Debating
Penmanship
Orations

Scientific Course

Geometry
Trigonometry
Physiology
Natural Philosophy, with experiments
Astronomy
Chemistry, with experiments

Latin Grammar & Fables or Caesar
Ovid or Virgil
Debating and Essays
Normal Congress
Vocal Music
Literature
Public Orations

Classical Course

Virgil
Cicero
Horace
Livy
Greek Grammar and Exercises
Xenophone
Homer
Greek Testament
Mental Philosophy

Political Economy
Logic
Criticism
Roman History
Grecian History
Sacred History
Essays and Debates
Critiques
Debating and Final Orations

At the close of my last session at Lexington Normal College I felt keenly the inadequacy of my education and expressed to Professor L. T. Dickey my intention to take up each of the college branches and to study them each in turn until I had fully mastered all there was to be learned about each branch. Professor Dickey smiled and observed that if I mastered all there was to learn about even one branch I would do quite well. I have often thought as I tried to master a subject how true was the observation made by him at that time.

Some years after I had graduated at Lexington Normal College, in consideration of my having accomplished at Lexington more than was required in each course I had finished there, and because of the home study I had carried on and the success I appeared to be making as a teacher, and because Professor Dickey by this time was connected with the Southern Normal University of Huntingdon, Tennessee, I was granted the M. A. degree by that institution.

Universities

Still not satisfied with the education I then had in the form of information and training, in 1896, I applied for entrance to the University of Mississippi. I offered for entrance the work I had done at Lexington and privately. The University had never allowed previously any student to enter on such terms, but as it was said, I was allowed to enter because of my evident earnestness and habits of home study. I was allowed fifty points out of seventy required for a Bachelor's Degree and given the privilege of continuing in such branches as I

might choose. I chose to study further English, Greek, Latin, Physics, Astronomy, Education, Psychology, and Philosophy.

I took correspondence courses in these branches during the session as I taught and spent the summers in residence work at the University. I could not make rapid progress because of my school duties during the school session and because of my failing vision. However, in 1902, I was granted the B. A. degree and in 1910 the M. A. degree by the University of Mississippi. From 1911 to 1915 I took correspondence courses in Personal Efficiency which I completed and in Public Speaking. Both courses have proven of great value to me.

In 1916 I entered the University of Chicago to take a course in Philosophy leading to the Ph.D. degree. After some months I was compelled to withdraw owing to poor vision. Soon after, I wrote the United States Commissioner of Education and asked if there were Correspondence schools anywhere in the United States where I could continue my course in Philosophy by correspondence. He sent me a list of reputable schools of this class. I selected the Carnegie School at Rogers, Ohio, and again wrote the Commissioner about the reputation and reliability of this school. He replied that the school had a good reputation for high grade and reliable scholarship. Beginning correspondence in this school in 1917, I completed my course there and was granted the Ph. D. degree in 1925.

Scholastic Recapitulation

I attended the free schools of Carroll County, Mississippi, a few months each year from the age of five until one month before I was twenty-one. The course of study consisted of the elementary branches and most of the high school branches as we now know the high school. There were also found a few college branches in these schools, Advanced Mathematics, Science, and English. By the time I had finished the common free school course, I held a first grade license to teach and had taught two one-teacher country schools before I entered school at Lexington.

At Lexington I earned my B. S. and B. A. degrees, an M. A. degree at the Southern Normal University of Huntingdon, Tennessee, B. A. and M. A. degrees at the University of Mississippi, Ph. D. degree at the University of Chicago and Carnegie College, held certificates in Personal Efficiency and Public Speaking, and in 1931 finished a course in College Administration at the University of North Carolina.

Writings

These include A Plan for Connecting Peterman's Civil Government with Life, A Working Plan for the Study of Mississippi History, and a dozen or more of Teacher's Institute Manuals and Summer School Bulletins.

ANCESTRY OF MATTIE LEE ROGERS

Her father was James Henry Rogers. He was born in Simpson County in 1847, and died in 1926, and was buried at Mountain Creek in Rankin County. Her grandfather on her father's side was William F. Rogers. He was born in Simpson County in 1826, died in 1892, and was buried at Mountain Creek in Rankin County. Her grandmother on her father's side was Jemima Bryant Rogers. She was born in Simpson County in 1828, died 1890, and was buried at Mountain Creek in Rankin County. Her mother's maiden name was Mary Ann Harper. She was born in Rankin

County in 1849, died 1916, and was buried at Mountain Creek. Her grandmother on her mother's side was Elizabeth Matthews Harper. She was born in Copiah County and the date of birth and death are unknown. Her grandfather on her mother's side was Alexander Harper. He was born in Rankin County in 1827, died in 1888, and was buried at Mountain Creek.

She had seven sisters: Nora, Mary, Lula, Della, Emma, Hattie and Lola Rogers. She had one brother, Warren Rogers, all born in Rankin County, Mississippi. Mattie Lee Rogers was born December 11, 1879, in Rankin County, King Post Office.

MARRIAGE

On November 25, 1897, I was married to Mattie Lee Rogers, Reverend L. S. Foster officiating. The ceremony took place at the home of her parents two and one-half miles from King Post Office in Rankin County, Mississippi. To us have been born the following children: Helen Rogers Wallace, born at Enterprise, Mississippi, on June 5, 1899, and died at Potts Camp, Mississippi October 16, 1900. She was buried at Potts Camp. A second child which we intended to call Evelyn was born dead at Potts Camp September 30, 1901. James David Wallace, Jr. was born at Gloster, Mississippi, March 6, 1904. At this writing, he lives at 111 Eighth Street, S. E., Washington, D. C. Anna Ruth Wallace was born at Summit, Mississippi on February 12, 1908. She married Howell Baxter March 8, 1930. He died July 12, 1943. They have one child, Mary Janet Baxter,who was born March 27, 1931. She and her mother live with us now in Clinton, Mississippi. Marian Lee Wallace was born at Fayette, Mississippi on September 2, 1912. She was married to George Alexander on June 5, 1938. George Alexander was born in 1908. They now live in Mendenhall, Mississippi. About six months ago, they adopted a baby which they named Georgianna. She was born February 23, 1948. William Edward Wallace was born at Fayette, Mississippi on March 11, 1917. He was married to Helen Meyer at her father's home in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania on June 21, 1947. They now live there.

At this writing, James, our son, has been serving for more than twenty years as research Physicist at the Naval Research Laboratory in Washington, D. C. Ruth lived with her husband who was chief Naturalization Officer for Louisiana, Mississippi and Arkansas and located in New Orleans until he died in July, 1943. She is now living with her daughter Janet with us and is serving as one of the personnel officers in the Veterans Bureau. Marian is keeping house for her husband and seeing after the care and raising of Georgianna. Edward teaches Graduate Chemistry in the University of Pittsburgh and does experimental work for the Government under that University.

TEACHING EXPERIENCE

I began teaching at Old Salem, Carroll County, Mississippi, January 14, 1889, one month before I was twenty-one. The length of the school term there was about four months. Perhaps two months were free and two pay. The first was paid for by the county and the latter by tuition paid by the patrons. The free months paid me twenty dollars per month. I boarded with my Aunt Eliza Johnson to whom I paid six dollars per month for food and lodging.

I had some difficulty in collecting tuition. One Mr. Stuart delayed paying and I asked for what he owed me so often that he became angry and would have laid violent hands on me if I had not run my hand in my pocket and advised him to stand

back. He did so and then paid me up in full, a thing he was abundantly able to do all the time.

After I had taught a short while, complaint came that I had no time piece. This was true, however, Mr. Conger, one of my trustees obligingly sold me a silver watch for eight dollars upon which I spent two more dollars to get it repaired so that it would run. The watch was a good one and I kept it till I went to college two years later. There I traded the watch for a gold plated one and gave ten dollars to boot. This watch I kept till I traded it for the gold filled cased one I now have, having kept it for over forty years.

While teaching my first school I was accused of not being qualified. Knowing the charge to be true, I was hurt the more. In talking to Mr. Conger, he advised me to say to those charging my lack of qualifications that I held a license issued by the county saying that I was qualified.

One day I was visited by some of Salem patrons and was asked if I intended to make teaching my life work. I replied that I intended to do so but not to teach in a school like the one in which I was then teaching, but to seek a place as a teacher in a college. To this old one-eyed John McDougal replied, "Yes, I, God, that was the way I always was.....wanting to do something I couldn't."

The next fall and winter I taught at the Alliance school east of Black Hawk. I walked daily to and from this school, a distance of four miles, while boarding at my father's. This was a pay school. I received $125.00 here for a five-month term. There was then no adoption of uniform text books. I taught there two kinds of spellers, two kinds of geographies, the three kinds each of arithmetics, grammars, and readers. I had forty classes a day during a six-hour session. I carried one girl from her abc's through the fourth reader.

The two schools named above were taught while I had only a common school education. In the fall of 1890, I entered Lexington Normal College located at Lexington, Mississippi. During the summer time of the years I spent in this institution, I taught schools at Sylvan Hall, New Hope, Shoot School, and Valley Hill. I also served as teachers' examiner in the county. I first applied for this position to the county board of supervisors. I had seen two of this five-member body when I approached Mr. Lee McMillan. He asked whom I had seen, what I had said, and what I had been told by the members I had consulted. I told him. He then told me that I would never make a successful gambler. He said that I had shown my hand, a thing a good gambler never does. He then asked me how badly I wanted the job. I told him that I wanted it very much to help me pay my way in college. He then said that he would see that I got the job. I did not then know he was my father's army buddy and the ruling spirit of the Board. Once, years later, I met Mr. McMillan again in the State Capitol. He said he had heard I wanted to be State Text Book Commissioner. He then took my arm, marched me into the Governor's office, and said, "Governor, this is a son of my army comrade, A. T. Wallace, a braver or more honorable gentleman never lived. I want you to appoint this man on that commission." The Governor looked at me and said, "Senator McMillan, I will do what you ask", and he did.

In 1894, having finished at Lexington, my brother, J. T., and I were elected at Louisville, Mississippi and taught there during the session of 1894 and 1895. The contract was for a ten month's session, the first five to be pay and the last five to be free. We found it very difficult to collect tuition and since we were

obligated to furnish fuel, musical instruments for the music department, a library, and additional furniture if needed, we left after one year and moved to Braxton where we taught for two years from 1895 to 1897.

At the end of two years the people at Braxton asked me to remain, but were unwilling to keep brother, saying he was too rigid in discipline and too high tempered. I was unwilling to part from brother since we had started out to teach together, so we moved to Brooksville, Mississippi.

During our stay at Brooksville, both of us married in the fall of 1897. The town and school were too small for both of us now with families, and as I was the older and the better qualified it was decided that I should move. Accordingly, in 1898, I moved to Enterprise, Mississippi.

My predecessor had taught at Enterprise many years and left because of a division among the people. He was a Methodist, and his following was determined to see that his successor did not succeed there. I learned of this situation after I had moved there. Finding it practically impossible to accomplish anything there, in 1899 I moved to Verona, Mississippi.

Finding conditions in Verona almost an exact duplicate of those in Enterprise, since their principal had been forced out after having taught in Verona many years and the people were heatedly divided over the matter, I remained there only one year, and then moved on to Potts Camp where I had two years of very satisfactory work. My salary at each Enterprise and Verona had been seventy dollars per month for an eight month term. My house rent then cost me seven dollars per month. At Potts Camp my salary was less, but my house rent cost me only three dollars per month. I had there a garden and a well so did not have to pay for water. While at Potts Camp the Methodist preacher said to one of my trustees who was one of his stewards, that there were no Baptists there except my family and since the Methodists were in the majority there that I should be discharged that a Methodist might be employed. This trustee told me this. The trustee told the preacher that theywere looking first for a teacher and that I was a mighty good one. After spending two years at Potts Camp, in 1902 I was offered a better paying and a better place at Gloster, Mississippi, where I moved. I did not reapply at either Enterprise or Verona, but doubt if I would have been re-elected at either place, but I could have remained as long as I wanted to at Potts Camp.

At Braxton, Brooksville, Enterprise, Verona, and Potts Camp, I had only from one to two assistants and fewer than one hundred pupils at either place. At Gloster I had the best building I had ever taught in, the best furniture, five assistants and a salary of one hundred dollars per month for nine months and this was later increased to one hundred twenty-five per month.

I remained in Gloster from 1902 to 1905. It was the best and most up-to-date town I had ever taught in. Soon after moving there I learned that Gloster was a town of divided churches and antagonistic congregations. The Presbyterians had only one church, but the Methodists had two, the Methodists having divided, it was said, over the location of their church building. The Baptists also had two churches and buildings. One was called the Martinite church, the other, the regular Baptist Church,was called the Gallilee Baptist Church. These churches were said to have divided over doctrine. I joined the regular Baptist church. It was commonly said that if one belonged to one's own church he was regarded as a Christian and a gentleman. If not, he was regarded as a demon of the darkest dye.

Members of the Galilee Baptist Church had a majority on the school board when I moved to Gloster. I soon learned that I would hold my job only as long as my church held a majority on the school board. After three years at Gloster, my church lost control of the school board, so I did not re-apply. I had conducted what everyone said was a very excellent and progressive school, but I would doubtless have been defeated, had I re-applied.

I moved to Summit, Mississippi in the summer of 1905 where I remained six years until 1911. I did there what I considered, and others called, an outstanding piece of high school work. I was free for the first time from the opposition and hindrance of Methodists, Presbyterians, and Martinites. However, the Catholics and Jews took up the persecution in Summit. One day a new member of the school board, a Jew, called me across the street and asked if I were carrying on any religious exercises in the school. I replied that I did not know what he would call religious exercises, but that I was reading a section from the Bible and leading in prayer at the opening of each school day. He asked by what authority I did this. I replied that Congress and the State Legislature opened with prayer, that I knew nothing in the constitution or statutes forbidding the practice, and it was the custom followed in all public schools as far as I knew. He said that he was against the practice. Just then a Baptist member of the board walked up, and asked what the controversy was over. I repeated what had been said on each side, ending with the Jew's stating that he was opposed to the practice. The Baptist member said he favored it. The Methodist pastor met me shortly thereafter and advised me to stand fast and said he would see that the President of the school board, one of his stewards, would call no school board meeting over the matter. I continued to read and pray at the opening of each school day and complaints of the few Catholics continued. After that, the Jew member always wanted to raise my salary each year. About two years after I moved to Summit, at the opening of a new session, I had all the school board on the rostrum in the new school building which had been completed soon after I reached Summit. I asked Brother Anding, pastor of the Baptist church to conduct the devotional. He asked for a Bible. The one I had used in school had been misplaced and I had to go away to my home to get one while all waited. Then Brother Anding in his forceful and convincing manner said, "Gentlemen of the board, this school needs a Bible." The president of the board then spoke up and said, "Brother Anding, I appoint you a committee of one to buy and present this school a Bible." Brother Anding wrote in the Bible he bought and presented to the school these words, "Presented to the Summit High School by the board of trustees thereof."

When I moved to Summit I bought for twelve hundred dollars a house consisting of three bedrooms, living room, dining room, kitchen and bath constructed at a cost of twenty-two hundred dollars. This was the first and one of the two houses I have ever owned. The second one is the one in which I now live. I lived in this house six years, put out nothing on it, rented it for two years after I had moved away, and finally sold it for five hundred dollars. While at Summit my salary was raised to fifteen hundred dollars per year. One year, one week after I had opened school I received a message from Laurel, Mississippi asking me to take the Superintendency of the schools in that city. I replied that I had contracted to teach there for the next session and did not feel that I should break my contract. Later I found that Watkins, their Superintendent, had been fired. However, he threatened to sue for his remaining year's salary under his contract. He was then re-instated and only a few days ago resigned after a service in Laurel for over forty years.

While at Summit I was appointed on the State Textbook Commission and began as assistant to the State Superintendent in the grading and assignment of all summer

institute work, a position I held for ten years.

Near the latter part of my term at Summit, Ex-Judge J. H. Price phoned me from Magnolia, the county seat, asking if I would accept the Superintendency of the Magnolia Schools to teach in their new building for a term of three years with an increase of six hundred dollars in salary. I stated that I would accept the offer provided the Summit school would release me from my two remaining years contract. When I mentioned the offer to the Summit board, a Jew on that board asked if my request to leave were denied would I be so disappointed that I would cease to do the splendid work I had been doing at Summit. I replied that if I remained I would continue to do the best I could just as I had been doing. Another member of the board said my salary could not be raised because of lack of funds, but that Summit was entitled to a good school as well as Magnolia, that I had been elected for a term of three years to keep me, and that he did not think I ought to leave. I then told them that I would keep my contract and fill out my term. I was never offered the Magnolia job again. After six years at Summit, feeling my work there was finished, I tendered my resignation. Upon the death of the County Superintendent I filled that office until a new County Superintendent was elected.

In the late spring of 1911 I attended the Mississippi Educational Association at Jackson, Mississippi. I was looking for a job. There I met Dr. W. T. Lowrey, then President of Blue Mountain College. He had offered me a position in that college at an earlier date, which I was not in a position to accept. Dr. Lowrey and I again entered into negotiations, resulting in the decision that I was to become a faculty member in Blue Mountain for the following session. The last word I said before leaving him for home was this, "Am I to consider this a deal -- that I am to be with you in your college as a member of the faculty from now on." He said, "Certainly, this is the understanding, unless when I reach home I find that something has happened about which I do not now know. In this case, you will hear from me at once." "Then I am to hear from you as soon as you reach home? If I do not hear, I will know the matter is settled, but I will let you know anyway." After waiting several weeks and hearing nothing from Dr. Lowrey, I wrote him. He wrote that he had no remembrance of any deal we made. I have always had the greatest respect for Dr. Lowrey, and still consider him one of Mississippi's greatest men, but have never understood why he deceived me in the way he did.

By the time I heard from Dr. Lowrey, it was late and almost all the school positions in which I would be interested had been filled. I began search for a position, but for some time it seemed impossible for me to find work. Joe Carruth, who had been elected at Summit requested me to apply at Fayette which he was leaving, more I thought, to enable him to sell me for one hundred dollars the dormitory furnishings he owned there, than anything else. He finally did sell me the dormitory furnishings, the dining room and table furnishings, and the kitchen utensils he owned.

I did not want to apply at Fayette for another reason. When we were leaving Braxton fourteen years earlier I had visited Fayette and applied for the place for Brother and me. We were not elected at that time. However, I finally applied at Fayette and as was my custom used my utmost effort to get the job. I had gone before the board there as had each in turn of twenty or more other applicants for the position and was sitting with the other school men and talking shop when several of the fifteen school board members passed. Someone remarked that the board must have already elected. So unconcerned was I that for a minute I did not think to ask who had been elected. Then someone else asked and was told that I had been elected.

The terms of the contract were that I should occupy the superintendent's suite on the second floor of the school building, the teachers and boarding girls were to occupy corresponding rooms on that floor, and I was to board all at fifteen dollars each a month. This was reasonable board rate at that time. I was also to have pasture for my cows and a garden and farm upon which I raised much of what we ate for board. Off the proceeds of the farm I was able to hire a yard boy and a hand to cultivate the field. I was enabled in this way to make enough out of my boarders to feed my family and save some besides. My salary was fourteen hundred dollars.

It was my custom when moving to a new school to visit the patrons of the school before the opening of the session. In making this visit at Fayette, I went to the home of ex-State Supreme Judge Jeff Truly. Though I doubt his remembering my having applied there fourteen years before, he said the most charitable thing that could be said about the man who was elected at that time was that he was crazy. He said Jim Bell was his successor, and that the fact that Bell left there to join the faculty of the University of Mississippi marked him as a very poor teacher and a very sorry man. He said that he know my predecessor and how stupid and worthless he was. By the time Judge Truly had finished, I had his number. I fully realized what people said of him that he had said he laid awake at night studying how to get even with his enemies and that he had said his children were wrong nine times out of ten when they got into difficulty with their teachers, but right or wrong, he was always on the side of his children. He once offered Mr. Posey one hundred dollars for a way to get rid of me.

After six years at Fayette, I was considering if it would not be best for me to move. The first World War was on and I was undecided what I should do when the school board decided for me by electing a man by the name of Williams to succeed me. It was said that Truly bribed several members of the board who were under obligation to do as they did.

During the summer of 1917 as was my usual custom, I taught in a summer school at Kilmichael. I was also looking for a new job. I was offered the school at West Point, one of the highest High School positions in the state, but I refused it. That school system had recently let out its superintendent, and there was a sharp division among the people as a consequence. I did not want to go into a community in which there was bitterness and antagonism. I tried for months to find a suitable location, but to no avail. Once I visited a school near Gulfport on my way to Kilmichael. I knew nothing of the place before I reached there. When I reached there, I found it to be a small three-teacher school paying seventy-five per month. There were a number of other applicants there. The county superintendent came and said to me, "I did not expect to find you here." I knew I would not take the place if elected, but decided to canvass the board just as vigorously as if I wanted the job. The board there decided not to elect that day.

Near the end of the summer when I had returned from my summer work and was beginning to consider what I should do next, I received a telephone message from Woodville, Mississippi, offering me the superintendency of the Wilkinson County A. H. S., rooms in one of their dormitories, and a salary of eighteen hundred dollars. When I moved to Fayette there was only one Baptist Church in Jefferson County sixteen miles away from Fayette. For a while I attended the Methodist church and served as Superintendent of their Sunday School. One Sunday L. L. Posey and I went in a buggy the sixteen miles to Friendship church out in the country. I had not been able to contribute in a Baptist church and that day gave thirty dollars. One of the deacons came to me after the service and asked if I had made

a mistake and aimed to give only three dollars. The entire mission collection that day was thirty-three dollars.

Several years after I had moved to Fayette, because of a lost law suit over their claim to the church building on the lower floor of the Masonic building which the Presbyterians had used for a church many years, the Presbyterians moved out. L. L. Posey and I then rented this building and asked Dr. Provence, then Bible teacher at Mississippi College, to come down and preach us a trial sermon. I mean trial as far as he was concerned. He came and preached. We liked him so well that Mr. Posey and I offered to pay him one hundred fifty dollars each to preach for us one Sunday a month. He said he would not require the three hundred dollars we had offered, but would come for two hundred fifty dollars. We then organized the Fayette Baptist church with Mr. and Mrs. Posey, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold, Mrs. Stewart and Mrs. Wallace and myself. I visited Fayette last year and found that church to be the largest and leading church of the town.

During my stay at Fayette, I was in bed one morning with a carbuncle on my neck. Mrs. Wallace called from below to say the negro who brought the steak for breakfast told her the sheriff had been killed during the night at Harriston two and one-half miles away. It was Sunday morning. I arose, went to a telephone, called several persons and received no answer until I reached Mr. Posey. He told me that a race riot was going on at Harriston, that he had returned for ammunition and that I should go back with him. Sick with a fever, I got up and went with him, as he said every white man was needed to quell the riot. We rode to Harriston with loaded and cocked shot guns across our laps and revolvers on the seat beside us. It was thought we might be attacked anywhere on the road over. Harriston is located somewhat in a valley. When we reached a hill overlooking the town we saw a train stop and begin to unload soldiers, cannons, and other war weapons. That sight surely made me feel much better. Before we reached town we saw the crowd swing up a negro. The trouble came about by a young negro's losing in a crap game and going out to shoot up the town. He first shot into the house where he had lost in the game, killed one negro and wounded another. He went next to the constable's house, called him out and shot him dead. The train came in at this time, and he shot the express messenger and the conductor. Then he shot a man going to the train. He also shot a negro on a lunch room porch and another off the coal shute. The sheriff was then sent for, and when he arrived, he was killed, along with the county clerk and another man being wounded. In all twenty-four were killed or wounded. It was Sunday, but I saw no man who did not have from one to two guns.

I had always disliked Agricultural high schools. I was not greatly in sympathy with Vocational work up to that time. I thought the A. H. S. did a poor class of school work. That had doubtless been true up to that time. However, I seemed to have had no other opportunity for school work. I have since decided that my going there was providential. My experience there gave me insight into that kind of educational work and sympathy for the neglected boys and girls who made up the bulk of their student bodies.

My duties at Woodville were to keep the books of the school, including the boarding department, to manage the boy's dormitory, each enough to take all the time and energy of any one and to teach five classes per day. The patrons were hard to please, the students difficult to get along with, the trustees were critical, war was on, everyone was uneasy and testy, all pictures and posters displayed conflict; the students in my absence whipped one teacher and ran him off, they came near rebellion toward another who made it appear I was the cause of the unrest, I had to discharge one teacher soon after opening school, and the kitchen management was giving trouble. I decided that public city schoolswere the more desirable and accepted

the school at Ackerman. The board at Woodville invited me to their meeting and spoke like they would re-elect me, but I told them I had already accepted another place at Ackerman, Mississippi.

The board at Ackerman had elected all teachers before I was elected. This board had a rule that no home teachers were to be employed, but in spite of this regulation all their teachers except myself were home teachers. The board members made it a practice to ask the teachers they had elected about the work and policy of the management of the school instead of consulting me. After the close of the session, the board asked for a meeting of the board to elect teachers. I counselled delay until after the teacher's meeting. The matter was delayed one more time after the teacher's meeting at my request. Finally the board got together and sent for me. They asked what teachers I wanted to recommend. I said none. They asked why. I told them I was leaving. I said I did not work for any board which had treated me as they had done. They tried to convince me I was mistaken. When they could not do this, they asked what was the greatest need of the school. I told them they needed above all else a Board of Trustees. Soon after this I moved to Union where I remained two years.

I found the school at Union low in scholastic rating. In endeavoring to raise the English rating on one occasion, the graduating class struck against the English teacher. I pretended to think the fault was with me, and in this way saved the teacher from having to resign. The school board called in the class and ordered them to get back in school or be expelled. They came back. During my years at Union I loaned the town the money and a teacher's home was built.

I next moved to Clarke College to become Vice-President there. I was offered the Presidency while there. I had been brought there by Dr. John F. Carter and thought it disloyal to him to accept the presidency over him. Further, I needed what money I had saved to educate my children, and I feared if I took the presidency of Clarke College, I would have to use the money I had saved to keep the college going. The finances of the college at that time were at a low ebb. That college was later dropped by the Baptist State Convention, but has within the last few years been recognized as one of our State Baptist Colleges and is being supported again by the denomination.

I spent two years there of the most satisfactory school work I have ever done, but at the end of that time a successor to Dr. Carter was elected whom I considered a rascal, so I resigned the position there to which I had been elected. The new president proved to be all that I had believed he would be.

In 1923 I was elected Superintendent of the Kemper County Agricultural High School, which I developed into a Junior college. I remained at this institution sixteen years and did what I considered my best life's work. I resigned this position July 1, 1939, over the protest of the Board to retire from teaching altogether.

When I Was a Negro School Teacher

During the early years of the Common School, as they were then called, it was the custom of white teachers sometimes to teach white schools and sometimes to teach Negro schools. White children and Negro children were never taught together. Mr. William Johnson who taught the white school which I attended often taught

Negro schools. Once while teaching such a school and boarding at my father's, he stated his school was so crowded he would have to have an assistant. He asked my father if I would assist him. My father spoke to me about the matter and we both took it under advisement. I do not know how we would have decided, but about that time, the attendance at Mr. Johnson's school fell off so much he did not need assistance. During the years of my mature teaching years, I have conducted a number of Negro Teacher's Institutes and directed several Negro Teacher's Normals. I have always found the attendants at these institutes and Normals agreeable, eager to learn, and satisfactory in many other ways.

DISCIPLINE AND DIFFICULTY

Up to the time I reached teen age or shortly thereafter, I had attended school during the summer, for there were no winter schools, in seven different buildings used for school, of which only one was erected for school purposes. All the others were abandoned one-room shanties, three of them having been formerly lived in by Negroes. The furniture in these buildings were made of foot-wide planks fastened along the sides of the room. If more seats were necessary usually the trunk of a tree about one foot in diameter was split, one side hewed smooth, four holes bored in the round side and pegs of the proper size and length fitted into the holes for legs. These seats had no backs. Sometimes when those seats grew old and the legs became loose at times there was a turn over. At such times sometimes it was hard to tell whether the bench or the boy was on top.

During all my common school years for several years after I began to teach for fighting and like serious infraction of discipline whipping was the orthodox method of punishment therefor. Finally, as the years passed, there was less fighting and finally I quit whipping for fighting, and fighting also quit. However, I think the pupils were too sensible to fight rather than the change in punishment.

One day during the time we attended school under a brush arbor while our first school house was being built, my cousin, Tom Beck, called my attention to a lizzard crawling down a post against which our teacher, Mr. Johnson, was leaning. Both of us expected the lizzard to crawl down Mr. Johnson's collar and almost burst with glee as to what Mr. Johnson would do. Had we been seen and had laughed out no doubt we both would have been thrashed. Fortunately we were not seen and the lizzard turned and crawled around the post out of sight.

One summer while I was teaching at New Hope, a country school in Carroll County, John Mitchell became so unruly that I had to thrash him. He ran away to go home and I ran him down, caught him and when he fought choked him down and led him back to school and kept him there the rest of the day. Next day he brought a note from his father blaming me and indicating that there would be more to the affair. On the following Saturday, Mitchell went to the drug store owned by Dr. Holman, with whom I was boarding, and began abusing me. John McCarty, Dr. Holman's brother-in-law, who was in the drug store told him I was away and that he should talk to one's face rather than at his back--that a man would do that way. Mitchell became enraged, attempted to cut McCarty's throat, was knocked down with a pistol, beat up and had to be hauled home. I never saw anything further of him.

One night while teaching at Braxton, while preparing my Caesar lesson preparatory to teaching next day, I heard someone outside call my name. Somewhat

absent-mindedly I went out upon the small porch of the dormitory where I boarded. Seeing no one I walked out of the yard. The full moon made everything almost as light as day. When I had advanced a few steps a man stepped from behind a tree with a club in his hand and said he had come to settle with me for beating up his boy as I had done. I had a small pocket knife. This I quickly opened and hold behind me. For some reason he stopped advancing. I had intended to seize and knife him if I could not talk him out of attacking me. I knew I had switched his small boy only with a small light switch and could not have cut him as the father said. At length I got him calmed down. Then I soundly abused him for false accusation. Just then my brother, J. T., returning from the school building where he had been coaching some plays, started to attack Smith, for that was his name. I got between the two and advised Smith to leave, which he did. Going back into the dormitory I soundly reproached Brother. I said, "Did you not see that I already had him whipped?" He replied, "Yes, but you did not see Smith's son some distance away behind a pine tree with a shot gun to use on you if you got the better of his father. Just then Tom Johnson, a cousin of ours and a crack shot, stepped from behind a corner of the house with a Winchester rifle in his hand. He said he had seen John Smith with his shot gun, had rested his rifle on the corner of the house, had drawn a bead on John Smith and would have shot him had he raised his shot gun on me.

It was a custom during those years for schools such as the one I was teaching at Braxton to have a public entertainment just before dismissing for the holidays at Christmas time. We had prepared such an entertainment one year while at Braxton, when we were told some wild young men from Sullivan's Hollow, desperados they were, were coming on the night of the concert to break up the entertainment. On such occasions we usually had to have several men in the audience to keep order during the exercises. However, this seemed to threaten greater difficulty. Accordingly, my brother and I and several trustees and patrons went to the school on the appointed night armed with shot guns, rifles, and pistols intending to see that there was no disturbance. There was none. The desperados did not come.

One day Brother and I were going for a walk. We heard someone running up behind us. Just then a man by the name of Baugh, weighing over two hundred pounds ran upon Brother and struck him in the face as he turned. He had been angered at Brother over a dispute about the tuition of his son.. He and Brother at once engaged in a fight. When Brother seemed to be getting the better of it, Baugh started to draw a pistol. I seized a club and made him drop it. Brother then started on him with a monkey wrench which he picked up. Some men seized Baugh and I got between and kept Brother back. Just then the man let Baugh aloose and he said he wanted to whip me, and struck at my face. I dodged and we went at it. I got him to his knees twice, but never down. He never hit me at all. I had beaten his face and front pretty badly. I was satisfied with the outcome when the men pulled us apart. Baugh left saying he feared we would kill him. He never came back as long as we remained there.

John and Albert Lewis, brothers, attended school when I taught at Potts Camp. They were from the country, rough, and hard to get along with. A few weeks after they entered school a disagreement arose between John, the older, and me over obedience. Through positiveness and determination I overawed John and forced him to obey. Some time afterward I was disturbed by a noise made in the west end of the room from where I taught, in a dark corner, around a heater. I was situated in the east part of the long room in the light part of the room. When I undertook to teach the disturbance would begin only to stop when I ceased to talk. When I again began to teach the disturbance began again. I asked for quiet stating that

the class I was teaching was disturbed and wronged. My request was unheeded. It was several days before I could find out who was disturbing. One day I gave a boy a note telling him to go out, secure and bring me some good switches. It was time for the afternoon recess. I dismissed the pupils in such a way as to leave Albert Lewis last to be sent out. I had found out that he was making the disturbance. I asked him to remain and had asked him why he continued to disturb when I had asked that the disturbance be stopped. He denied being guilty. I had not decided what course I would follow when the boy came in with the switches I had sent for. After this boy came, John Lewis told me I was not to touch his brother. Albert had risen and was approaching me in a threatening manner. I struck Albert with a switch and then John struck straight for my face. I dodged and knocked John down. Just then several pupils who had crowded in behind John cried out that Albert was coming on me from behind with an iron poker intending to kill me. I wheeled around, seized the poker, dragged Albert over benches fastened to the floor and before he regained his balance, thrust him back over these benches and in this way wrenched the poker away and handed the poker to Bert Rivers, one of the boys. I then began striking Albert in the face as hard and fast as I could. After I had struck Albert a number of heavy blows skinning and bloodying his face, Albert broke away and ran from the room. By this time John was on me again. I soon knocked him down again and got on him. Then George Cook, a man from outside ran in and pulled me off. I have seldom been as angry as I was at that moment in not being allowed to give John what he deserved. However, it was perhaps best that it went off in that way.

After school that afternoon as was my custom, I was going down town when a man approached me with an axe handle in his hand. He explained that the Lewis boys had gone for their older brother and that the three had been waiting for me. He said he was going along with me and intended to use the axe handle if necessary. I never saw the Lewis brothers again. I felt humiliated about fighting in the way I did, but later found it was the most popular and satisfactory thing to the patronage I could have done. The boys denied that they legged for me in any way, but I have always believed some of them hindered John until I could finish Albert off. Till this day I have been unable to decide how I knew just who to hand the poker to for safe keeping while I was in a fight. Maybe in an extremity one has a sort of second sense.

One day after school while teaching at Summit, I noticed Jimmie Peters, a student of mine, come around the school building. Just then one of his school mates called to him and asked where he had been. Jimmie replied stating that I had had him in the office. He was then asked what had taken place. Jimmie replied that I had whipped him. I had not even had him in the office nor had I whipped him. I have never been able to understand why he told that falsehood. A few moments after answering the last question, Jimmie hurled a brick through a costly ribbed glass window of the school building. Of course, his parents paid for the damage to school property as the law required with the understanding that Jimmie be thrashed. When I undertook to thrash him he tried to stick a knife in me. I took away the knife and gave him a sound whipping. Sometime later one of the trustees advised me to expel Jimmie on general principles saying he was doing nothing in school and was creating general disorder. I did not put him out then but later suspended him indefinitely. I believe Jimmie looked on this as a favor. Several years later when I had moved to Fayette, one morning in New Orleans I went round to the Monte Leon Hotel for breakfast. Then I was surprised to have Jimmie come round to serve me. I wondered if he would poison me. Anyway, I gave my order which he quickly served and added some delicacies. When I asked for my bill he said there was none. He said that was his treat. A sound thrashing seems to do some people a real service.

A short while after I began teaching at Fayette one afternoon near the close of the school day, Tom Tanksley came to me in the school office. In answer to my questions he stated that he had been sent in by the hall teacher. To my continued inquiry as to why he had been sent in, he would only answer nothing. When the hall teacher came in I asked what the difficulty was. She said Tom would obey no order, continually disturbed the other students, and made it practically impossible for her to maintain discipline. I asked, without receiving any reply, several times if what the teacher said was true. For some time I got no answer, but finally he admitted the accusations were true. I then asked what he was going to do about the matter. For some time he made no answer. To my question he said nothing. I took up a switch and asked him to stand up. He said, "You can't whip me." Instantly he went for my throat. I struck him several blows, got him down, and gave him a sound beating. A short while later his mother came, soundly abused me, said had the marshal been home she would have had me arrested, and said she was going to see I lost my job. Her husband also did some threatening out in town. Next week Tom returned and I sent him home telling him that his parents must come so that we might have an understanding. They sent Tom to the County Agricultural School. There he would not obey, resisted the teacher and was whipped again. Tom returned to school the next week and was again sent home since his parents had not come with him. Tom was then sent to Red Lick, another County High School, but the principal there refused to admit him because of his bad record. Later his mother came with Tom. She told me how mean the teachers were at the A. H. S. When she had finished and told me what a good, sweet, obedient boy Tom was, I asked about Tom's father and was told he would not come. I told his mother that considering his father would not come, that she considered Tom a model boy, and that she considered the A. H. S. teachers very mean, I could do Tom no good and told her to take him home. At the opening of the next school session, Tom, his mother and his father came. They made apology, promised to co-operate with the school, Tom promised obedience, and after taking them all before the Board of Trustees where they repeated the promises, they had made me, I admitted Tom, who gave no further trouble. Tom even became one of my best pupils and one of my best friends.

I had to collect all board bills and settle for all groceries and supplies used by the dormitories of the Wilkinson A. H. S., collect the required funds and pay all teacher's salaries, keep an accurate accounting for all these financial transactions, manage the boy's dormitory and teach five classes per day. It was the time of the first World War. The place was Woodville, Mississippi. One day near noon a man appeared at my classroom door and spoke in a rough domineering manner. He said that he wanted to talk to me. I said I would see him in a few minutes when my class period was over. I was convinced from his tone and manner that I was going to have to fight him although I had no idea what his grievance was. My class dismissed, I looked around for something to strike him with. I found nothing but a light rule which I thought would do more harm than good. I left it. When I reached the door of the building I saw the man surrounded by a number of school boys. I had started for my dormitory a short distance away when he ran around ahead of me and said he had come to settle with me for beating up his brother. I told him I had had nothing to do with his brother. For some time he continued to charge me with inhuman punishment, all of which I denied. Every moment of the time it seemed he would attack me. At last summoning all my powers I ordered him to leave the grounds stating if he did not do so I would kick him off. He left saying he would settle with me when I came off the grounds. I do not know what made me become so bold when I ordered Kaigler off the grounds. Perhaps it was the telepathic message sent me by the big boys which I learned had been lined up solidly behind me. I did not know until later that this same Kaigler had tried to cut the throat of my predecessor who knocked him down and gave him a good beating over a similar complaint on the part of Kaigler. I did not become angry during my controversy with Kaigler. Matters

were too serious. Later, however, I did become very angry and the more I thought over the matter the more angry I became. Then I did a very unwise thing. I phoned up town to tell Kaigler I was coming and we would settle our difference. I had put a revolver in my pocket and went to town but could nowhere find Kaigler. Later that afternoon I returned to town, found Kaigler and forced him to return to the school and face Mr. Green, who had whipped the boy. Green said he had whipped Kaigler's brother and would whip Kaigler, too. I had to get between them to stop Green. Kaigler later said we were two of the most dangerous men who ever lived in Woodville.

I have found pupils in mill towns most unruly. At Union it was the custom to place in the heaters when no one was looking a cannon cracker to explode sometime later blowing the door or top of the stove off, to place cartridges on the top of the heaters to shoot across the school room, or to hang obscene things around in the building, or other means of disturbance. They did not seem to understand why any teacher should object to such innocent pranks. I did not whip every boy in school there, but gave enough whippings to go around to all more than one time. Tom Brand, who succeeded me there said I had destroyed the genus bad boy there. He said they were under the best control of any school he had ever taught when he went there.

On one day just before Christmas when the disturbances had become particularly annoying after I had been trying for days to find the person instigating the disorder, I became convinced that one of the larger pupils, Chester Koontz, was instigating the disturbances. I had announced that morning thatany pupil when he had finished his morning examination might leave school for that morning. Chester handed in his paper and left for home. I had asked that any one leaving early should go quietly so as not to disturb others. I posted myself at an upper window and watched Chester light a cannon cracker and toss it into a primary room. After he had finished his afternoon examination I called him to the office to ask about the cannon cracker. He denied all knowledge of the matter and said he would like to look the man in the face who had told me he had done it. I told him I saw him and because of that and other things to go home and not to return. That night he and about one dozen others came to my residence, threw at my wife, and threw bricks through the windows on the north side of the house. I slipped out the east side and when the second brick was hurled fired both barrels of my shot gun at the crowd. Chester said I hit him. I do not know about that, but I know he was not hurt. The crowd was arrested and all made to pay fines. Koontz was put on the streets for thirty days. I learned later Chester had been in the army and had spent most of his time there in the guard house. Among other things he had set on fire the general's tent. I heard later he killed a man in Chicago in attempting to rob him and was convicted and executed. I am not certain that this report was true.

One day after thetrial at Union about twenty toughs ganged me. I backed against a wall and told them I would hurt the first one who touched me. Just then four men, Mr. Mabry, Mr. Speed, Mr. McLemore, and Mr. Majors rushed up and told the crowd to beat it or they would wipe the ground up with them. They beat it.

One day a new teacher reported that she was disturbed by an outsider. She pointed out the boy then in the yard. He had a heavy measuring stick which he had taken from my office. I went up to him and told him to give me the stick. He refused. I seized the stick and wrenched it from his hands. I told him to come to the office. He was a Willmon boy who was out of school for the day. He followed me to the west entrance. Just then school closed and the students came crowding out that way. I did not notice that Willmon had stopped. Then one of the teachers told me he had an iron bar and was hiding beside the door to kill me as I came out to look for him. I slipped out the south door and came up behind him. He did not see me with the stick until I was within a few yards. Then he dashed away so fast I could not overtake him. He went through the neighborhood trying to borrow a pistol

to shoot me, but failed to get one. Later he and an older brother came back to the school to beat me up. I had a pistol in my desk and talked so firmly that they left me alone.

At Scooba, the Junior High was having a concert, holding it in our college auditorium. Some toughs endeavored to drive our dairy herd in on them. I was at the girl's dormitory, so missed what took place. Two of the coaches and a number of our football team went out and drove the cows away and tried to get the mob either to come in or go away. The leader went into his pocket for a knife or pistol when Paul Crigler seized him and the crowd was driven off the campus.

From the foregoing it is not to be concluded that the whole of more than fifty years were spent in fussing and fighting. On the contrary most of those years were spent in peace and in pleasant cooperation and satisfactory association in teaching and advancement along the road to knowledge. Trustees invariably sustained in any contest of authority or undertaking, patrons were uniformly pleasant and cooperative, and many, yes, very many, proved a source of appreciation and satisfaction. Among the latter have been those who filled every kind of vocation in life----doctors, lawyers, preachers, teachers, scientists, business men, etc., etc.

I was strict in discipline, though small and frail in body. I have an idea had I been much larger and less inclined to be fair, I would have had fewer of the difficulties listed above. I noticed toward the last years of my teaching that pupils had become more reasonable toward the teachers and more inclined to obey.

Other Public Service

During my time as a teacher I held teachers licenses ranging from second grade, county, life-time, state and professional licenses good for life in Mississippi and some other states. I have served for a number of years on the county examining boards in Carroll, Pike, and Jefferson Counties of Mississippi. I have also held a few state examinations.

I served for a few months as Superintendent of Pike County. Over a period of twenty-four years I taught teachers how to teach and manage schools in institutes and normals. I conducted institutes in Wilkinson, Franklin, Amite, Pike, Jefferson, Claibourne, Harrison, Carroll, Leflore, Montgomery, Grenada, Panola, and Adams Counties. In some of these I conducted institutes from two to five times in different years, notably in Adams, Jefferson, Pike and Amite. I directed Summer Normal schools in Natchez, Magnolia, Liberty, Kosciusko, Ackerman, Scooba and taught in summer schools in Winona, Kilmichael, Newton, the University of Mississippi and in Mississippi College. In the last named I taught five years in succession. From 1910 to 1915 I served as State Text Book Commissioner. For ten years while J. N. Powers was State Superintendent of Public Education for Mississippi, I served in the State Superintendent's office each summer engaged in grading the Institute Manuals and other papers sent in by those seeking appointment for Institute or Normal work and assigning applicants to places they were to fill for that year. I spoke at the closing of schools or filled appointments for other educators.

Beginning January 14, 1889, in a one-teacher school at Old Salem, Carroll County, Mississippi, I brought to a close my more than fifty years career as a teacher, when I resigned the presidency of a state college, the East Mississippi Junior College in July, 1939. I had moved to Scooba in July, 1923.

When I took charge of this institution, then the Kemper County Agricultural High School, I found there two complete brick buildings, one partially finished, and one frame building and about ten acres of worn out land. The furniture was home-made, there were no baths, no scholastic or financial records, no moral atmosphere, no confidence in the school, no funds and a twenty-five thousand dollar debt. There were no fences about any of the property, no walks to town, no library, no teaching tools of any kind. During my sixteen years there, I raised the high school to All Southern rating and the college to approval by the State and National Association of Junior Colleges. Beginning with seven teachers, I raised the number to twenty-four. When I left there, all debts had been paid, it had a full financial standing, and a substantial surplus. The incomplete building was finished, one that burned soon after I went there was replaced, and the frame building was replaced with brick. I left seven brick buildings and two frame ones. Commencing with a plant with an estimated valuation of thirty thousand dollars, I left it with a quarter million dollar plant. Starting with no records, I finished with complete scholarship and financial records. Starting with sixty-seven high school students and no college ones, I ended with one hundred sixty-seven high school pupils and two hundred college students.

When I resigned the fifteen-member board by unanimous vote, asked me to reconsider and remain. When I declined, this board elected me President-Emeritus of the institution and assigned me one of the college buildings as a residence for as long as I wished to use it.

The college board also had prepared and approved a resolution of which the following is a part. It was clipped from the April 9, 1930, issue of the Memphis Commercial Appeal:

> Scooba, Miss., April 8.--Resolutions were adopted yesterday by the Board of Trustees of East Mississippi Junior College here praising the work of J. D. Wallace during his 16 years as president of the institution.
>
> Professor Wallace resigned this week. His future plans have not been announced. He will be succeeded by J. M. Tubbs of State Teachers College at Hattiesburg. The resolutions follow in part:
>
> "For 16 years your unfailing will to work, your energy and your perserverance has been the guiding spirit of this institution. In the building of most of the physical plant, in the selection and direction of the faculty, in obtaining legal and scholastic recognition and financial aid, you have moved forward and onward. Truly we are your grateful debtor.
>
> You found us with a mere school. You leave us with an institution. It will be a monument to you far beyond our years, the perpetuation of which will partly depend on those who follow you. However, there is one monument that you have already completed, and this monument is within the hearts and minds of the countless hundreds of students who have felt the influence of your guiding hand and the elevation of your inspiring thought. You have taught them never to compromise with wrong. You have taught them to be ever prepared for battle, how to win without boasting, and how to lose without complaining. You have exalted in their minds the true and you have condemned the false.

On behalf of ourselves, personally and officially, on behalf of those you have taught, and their parents, and on behalf of your friends and acquaintances, we want to sincerely thank you and gratefully acknowledge our everlasting indebtedness to you. Whatever this institution may become, it would never have existed as a junior college had it not been for your untiring efforts and your unconquerable will, and we predict that its choicest tradition in the future will be the name 'J. D. Wallace.' "

This resolution was signed by the fifteen members of the Board. The resolution was prepared at the request of the Board by Judge John C. Stennis, then attorney for the Board, now United States Senator.

The following is taken from THE LION, the East Mississippi Junior College annual for the year 1939:

IN RECOGNITION.....

We pause here to offer recognition to our beloved President, on his retirement from regular active service as President of East Mississippi Junior College, and to Mrs. Wallace. We are indeed glad of the opportunity of being able to tell you of the personal esteem we hold for you and the very keen sense of deep appreciation we have for your untiring efforts in behalf of the College.

For a period of sixteen years your unfailing will to work, your energy and your perseverance has been the guiding spirit of this institution. In the building of most of the physical plant , in the selection and direction of the faculty, in obtaining legal and scholastic recognition and financial aid, you have moved forward and onward at times when men made of less sterner stuff or weaker wills would have faltered and failed and lost the cause. When others faltered, or came near faltering, you fought on and snatched victory from the flames of failure. When faced with conditions or situations almost unsurmountable, you have refused to recognize that there was such a word as "Quit"; to just such a spirit on your part we feel sure that this institution owes its very existence. Truly we are your grateful debtor.

You found us with a mere school. You leave us with an institution. It will be a monument to you far beyond our years, the perpetuation of which will partly depend on those who follow you. However, there is one monument that you have already completed, and this monument is within the hearts and minds of the countless hundreds of students that have felt the influence of your guiding hand and the elevation of your inspiring thought. You have taught them never to compromise with wrong. You have taught them to be ever prepared for battle, how to win without boasting, and how to lose without complaining. You have exalted in their minds the true and you have condemned the false. Through them you shall live and their works shall be your lengthened shadow. Ever in the midstream with you, wielding the oars, stroke for stroke, has been your helpmate and companion, Mrs. Wallace. She, too, deserves credit for the force of her hand has been felt in every endeavor.

On behalf of the Annual Staff, on behalf of those you have taught, and their parents, and on behalf of your great host of friends and acquaintances, we want to sincerely thank you and gratefully acknowledge our everlasting indebtedness to you. Whatever, this institution may become, it would never have existed as a junior college had it not been for your untiring efforts and your unconquerable will, and we predict that its choicest tradition in the future will be the name "J. D. Wallace".

The following is a reprint taken from THE COLLEGIAN, a publication of the college, of May 6, 1939:

BOARD OF TRUSTEES HONOR PROF. WALLACE:

"On April 4, the Board of Trustees of E. M. J. C. paid high tribute to Mr. J. D. Wallace for his efficient service as president of this institution. The Resolution which they adopted, follows:

Dear Professor Wallace:

On your retirement from regular active service as President of the East Mississippi Junior College, we wish to tender you a written testimonial of the personal esteem we hold for you and the very keen sense of deep appreciation for your untiring efforts in behalf of the College.

For a period of sixteen years your unfailing will to work, your energy and your perseverance has been the guiding spirit of this institution. In the building of most of the physical plant, in the selection and direction of the faculty, in obtaining legal and scholastic recognition and financial aid, you have moved forward and onward at times when men made of less sterner stuff or weaker wills would have faltered and failed and lost the cause. When others faltered, or came near faltering, you fought on and snatched victory from the flames of failure. When faced with conditions or situations almost unsurmountable, you have refused to recognize that there was such a word as "quit"; to just such a spirit on your part we feel sure that this institution owes its very existence. Truly we are your grateful debtor.

You found us with a mere school. You leave us with an institution. It will be a monument to you far beyond our years, the perpetuation of which will partly depend on those who follow you. However, there is one monument that you have already completed, and this monument is within the hearts and minds of the countless hundreds of students that have felt the influence of your guiding hand and the elevation of your inspiring thought. You have taught them never to compromise with the wrong. You have taught them to be ever prepared for battle, how to win without boasting, and how to lose without complaining. You have exalted in their minds the true and you have condemned the false. Through them you shall live and their works shall be your lengthened shadow. Ever in the midstream with you, wailding the oars, stroke for stroke, has been your help-mate and companion, Mrs. Wallace. She, too, deserves credit for the force of her hand has been felt in every endeavor.

On behalf of ourselves, personally and officially, on behalf of those you have taught, and their parents, and on behalf of your great host of friends and acquaintances, we want to sincerely thank you and gratefully acknowledge our everlasting indebtedness to you. Whatever this institution may become, it would never have existed as a junior college had it not been for your untiring efforts and your unconquerable will, and we predict that its choicest traditions in the future will be the name "J. D. Wallace".

As we go, we recall and think appropriate the words spoken of the great jurist as he retired from the Bench: "That is how to stop. With every power used to the full, like an army resting, its powder almost all used, but with all flags flying. Truly that is the heroic life".

As you go, our fond wishes go with you and we trust that in your retirement you will find vigor and the abiding satisfaction which comes from the consciousness of arduous duties performed with complete fidelity.

Faithfully and affectionately yours,

H. L. Sparkman, President
W. D. Mitchell, Secretary

G. W. Beeman, John L. McLemore, H. H. Cole, C. E. Bush, T. H. Giles, S. J. Smith, B. G. Patty, W. W. Shepard, W. B. Allen, Grady Clark, W. J. Anderson, J. B. Mooney, Calé Parke.

Resolved by the Board of Trustees of the East Mississippi Junior College that the foregoing letter be and the same is hereby adopted as a resolution of this Board, and that same is hereby ordered spread in full on the Minutes of the Board, a copy given to the press and the original, with certifications delivered to Mr. Wallace.

2000297

Passed by the affirmative vote of all members present.

H. L. Sparkman, President
W. D. Mitchell, Secretary

The Alumni of the college had my likeness enlarged and placed in the College Library and the College Faculty presented at the last general Assembly to Mrs. Wallace and me a handsome chest of silver.

POST RETIREMENT ACTIVITIES

Early in 1940 I was seriously considering moving to Jackson or near there when I received word that my brother J. T. was seriously ill with Cardiac Asthma and was urged to come to Clinton at once. I did so and after remaining there about one week, went to Mendenhall where I tentatively bargained for a lot on which to build a residence and to move there when word reached me that my brother was dead. Returning at once to Clinton I was urgently requested by his daughter, Nell, who had ownership of my brother's residence, to move to Clinton and occupy his home. This I did for the next four years. I offered to buy, or to lease, or to rent her house but all such offers were refused. She said all I was expected to do was to pay the taxes and keep up the insurance. At the end of the four-year period, I purchased and moved into the residence where I now reside. This transfer was made in July, 1944.

Before my brother's death arrangement had been made to have his residence painted. This was done after I moved in. During the time I occupied Nell's house I reconstructed the front porch roof and floor, re-covered the building, re-varnished all interior woodwork, replaced several windows, replaced a number of broken tran-soms and door locks, re-papered the hall and dining room, re-set all tile about the fire places, replaced some screens, worked over the electric wiring, built a chicken house, built a chicken yard, rebuilt the garden fences, and re-planted yard shrubbery. I left the house with all taxes paid up and insurance for the next two and one-half years.

Soon after moving to Clinton I was elected President of the Bank of Clinton, and I held this position until September 15, 1948, when the bank was sold to and became a part of the Deposit Guaranty Bank and Trust Company of Jackson, Mississippi.

When I became President of the Clinton Bank in 1940, I owned fifteen shares in the bank valued at $500.00. When we sold to the Deposit Guaranty Bank and Trust Company I got in the last named bank twenty shares valued at $6,000.00. This increase in value of twelve times was obtained for all other stockholders. This increase of the par value of their stock was due in part to the war time boom.

Since the merger of these two banks, I have been retained as chairman of the advisory lending committee for which I have been receiving $25.00 per month with a twenty per cent bonus. This, with a $25.00 per month pension from the teacher's retirement fund helps to smooth over the rough places encountered by one unable longer to earn.

I joined Coila Baptist Church in my teens and was baptized in Coila Creek not far from the noted Coila Spring and near the spot where I learned to read. During the years that have passed since I joined Coila Church, in order to have my church membership near the place where I was teaching at the time, I have been a member of the Baptist Churches at the following places: Louisville, Braxton, Brooksville, Enterprise, Verona, Gloster, Summit, Fayette, Woodville, Ackerman, Union, Newton, Scooba, and Clinton. In 1910, I was made a deacon by the Summit Baptist Church. Subsequently at Fayette, Woodville, Newton and Scooba for a total of approximately twenty years I served as chairman of the Board of Deacons while a member of the last named Baptist churches.

Everywhere I moved and made application for membership in the Baptist Church near my work as was the general practice, I was taken into the church as a member and a deacon. Such was not the case when I joined the Clinton Baptist Church. On the first Sunday after moving to Clinton Mrs. Wallace and I applied for membership in the Clinton Baptist Church. Both of us were accepted for membership but I was not recognized as a deacon as had been done in other churches to which I had belonged.

I learned later that it was the practice of the Clinton Church when one joined this church who had been a deacon elsewhere to allow some time to elapse before making that one a deacon of the Clinton Church in order that the new member might have time and opportunity to get acquainted with the working of the church and that the church might have opportunity to judge of the fitness of the new member to serve as a deacon in the Clinton Baptist Church. About one year after I became a member of the Clinton Church that church asked me to become one of its deacons to which I agreed. Sometime after I became a deacon in the Clinton Chruch Prof. M. Latimer, then chairman of the Board resigned and I was chosen to fill out his term. At the expiration of his term I was elected chairman of this Board for a term of two years, the length of term anyone is allowed to serve in this position.

During the pastorate of Dr. John P. Newport the Clinton Baptist Church decided upon a partial rotation of its deacons. This was the plan: Five of the older, more experienced, better trained deacons were elected as a permanent membership as an advisory body. The five consisted of Dr. J. W. Provine, Dr. M. Latimer, Prof. M. P. L. Berry, Mr. J. W. Chambers and myself. The remaining twenty deacons were divided into four groups of five each. Each of these groups were to serve in turn for four years, after which that group was to remain inactive for one year, after which the group was eligible for re-election to active service. By this arrangement the five permanent life members and the fifteen active ones always furnished an active board to serve the church.

Since becoming a member of Clinton Baptist Church, I have been serving as a member of the Board of Deacons, teacher of the Adult Men's Bible class, attending worship as regularly as health and circumstances would permit, contributing my tithe and more for the support of the church, for charity, and for assistance for such humanitarian drives as the funds for the Red Cross, Tuberculosis, the Heart and Cancer Drives; and I have been in earnest daily prayer for myself and wife, for our immediate and near kin on both sides including Georgianna and the arrival looked for next May or June, all other kin however far removed, for friends and acquaintances present and past, for those for whom I have dealt with professionally, for my country and its officers, for the lost, for all humanity, for the poor and oppressed, for the sick, for the needy and for all others needing prayers.

I regret that advancing years and visual and other handicaps prevent me from doing more for Him who gave me life and its blessings, and a sure promise of blissful existence beyond this vale of tears. If my body shall lie beneath the sod when these lines are read, I most earnestly urge you who read to make your peace, calling and election sure with Him who said "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life."

AULD LANG SYNE

During the entire time our family lived at the Little House we obtained water for all purposes from a stream flowing out of a nearby woodland a few hundred yards away. Water was brought by hand in buckets for drinking, cooking, and bathing. In the hot months when the near stream ran low we went a half mile further into the forest to a bolder stream for water. When the latter stream also ran low, we brought water for all the above named needs from Grandma's well three-quarters of a mile away. In the summer months we did most of our bathing in Dry Creek which ran through our farm. In the cold months we used a zinc tub for bathing.

We cut our fuel in the nearby forest, hauled it up by wagon, and cut it into lengths to fit the fire place. In the summer as long as we lived at the Little House my mother cooked on a fire out in the yard. In cold weather she cooked on the fire place in the house. The vessels she used for cooking were a large iron pot for boiling, a skillet somewhat like a frying pan but larger and deeper having a long strong handle and three legs to hold up the skillet so that live coals could be put under, and an oven about the size of the skillet but deeper. It also had three legs like the skillet and for the same purpose and a lid so that coals might be put on top to hasten baking. The pot had ears on opposite sides into which pot hooks could be placed to hang the pot on a pot rack hanging in the chimney. The ears to the oven were for the purpose of moving it when hot. I was in my teens when we got our first wood cooking stove and our first Singer Sewing Machine.

We purchased only flour, sugar, and coffee adding only a few delicacies from time to time. Our food was grown mainly on the farm. This consisted of meal ground from corn raised on the farm, occasionally wheat which we had ground into flour, rice which we occasionally raised, hogs which we always grew killed for meat which we salted down for a while then hung up to smoke and dry, molasses and potatoes which we grew every year, chickens and eggs always on hand, milk and butter, and an occasional beef also raised on the farm. When to the above named articles of food is added the berries, nuts, fruits named elsewhere, and a variety of garden vegetables to which were to be added many rabbits, squirrels, partridges

and an occasional wild turkey which my father often brought in, it would appear that we had as we grew up a fairly well rounded diet. This with the quiet , the fresh air and lack of responsibility made this one of the happiest times of my life.

Our first time piece was the sun, Even now when I can stand straight up and place my foot on the shadow of my head, I know it is twelve o'clock. Our first clock was a small round one about five inches across and three deep, standing on two legs. It was then called a cricket clock. I bought it from Mr. Johnson, our teacher, and paid him two and one-half dollars for it.

We received mail once a week during the time I lived on the farm. This was as often as one of our family or one of a neighbor's family found time to go to Black Hawk six miles away for the neighborhood mail. Mail for us consisted of a weekly paper, one or two magazines, a farm paper, and sometimes a circular or letter. When about nineteen I received through the mail several requests from some New York concern requesting me to buy or handle for the concern counterfeit money. My father firmly warned me to have nothing to do with this matter. His warning was appropriate but not necessary in my case. I never replied to one of these communications.

My teen-age associates consisted of my brothers and sisters, my cousins, a few others within a radius of a few miles and Yank and Jayhu, the latter being two negro boys of near my age.

My recreations consisted of such games around the fireside at night as Hull Gull, Simon says Wig Wag, a fishing trip once a year to the Delta where we camped out for a few days, picnics, two or three parties a year, and about three trips to the railroad towns of Carrollton, thirteen miles away, Vaiden sixteen miles distant and Winona twenty miles distant. We also saw a few shows a year, in one of which I saw, to my great delight "Punch and Judy". A few years ago on a trip I saw "Punch and Judy" in Washington and New York and again found them very interesting. On our trips to town we usually camped out. On one winter day we had traveled all day in a mule-drawn wagon carrying along a bale of cotton and had reached within six miles of Winona. There we met up with some neighbors who had camped and who assured us we could not get through the Whitehead lane since it was then dark, because of the bad road. We camped there to enjoy the company and a huge log fire which they had kindled. That night for supper we had fresh boiled ham, baked sweet potatoes, tea cakes, coffee, fruits and nuts. At bedtime we raked up a deep bed of leaves, spread down on them two quilts, lay down with our clothes on, covered with one quilt and slept soundly all night. Next morning I was awakened by the men moving around feeding the stock, preparatory to resuming out trip. Putting out my hand, I found I was covered with snow.

IN RETROSPECT

During my childhood the best bacon, ham and beef could be bought at six cents a pound. Now these foods cost more than ten times as much. Then meal and flour cost less than one cent per pound, now more than eleven cents a pound. Once molasses sold for twenty-five cents a gallon, now at near two dollars a gallon. Once cheese cost ten cents a pound, now more than seventy cents per pound. I have bought eggs at three dozens for a dime. Recently we have sold eggs for seventy cents per dozen. Coffee once cost ten cents a pound. It was bought green, roasted,

ground in a mill, boiled, settled with the white of an egg, and drank. Now coffee is bought parched and ground, and dripolated or percolated. Sometimes the extract of coffee requires only hot water added and it is ready for use.

The first pair of dress shoes I bought after beginning to teach cost me one dollar and fifteen cents. I recently bought a pair which cost twelve dollars. Suits, dresses, and other wearing materials have advanced in price comparable to the change in the price of the ones stated above.

I began reading by firelight, then in succession by taper, candle, lamp, and electric light; the first electric light I ever saw was when I first went away to college at the age of twenty-two. It was an arc light hung over the intersection of streets. It had a shade about two feet across and one could read a newspaper by it at a distance of fifty feet. The incandescent light and the fluorescent light had not then been invented so far as I knew.

Our laundry had been done by washerwomen, usually negro women, but in 1915 we bought a hand-driven washing machine which served us many years. In 1941 we bought an automatic washer and ironer which has done all our laundry since that tim e.

Our first means of transportation was walking if the distance was not over four miles. Then in order we used the ox wagon, the mule wagon, the saddle horse, the buggy, the hack, and finally the automobile. I bought my first car in 1922. It was an open Model-T Ford. It cost five hundred fifty dollars including shock absorbers. I used the open car until thoroughly drenched on a trip once. Since that time I have used only closed cars. My present Chevrolet sells at about two thousand dollars.

When I was about fifteen years of age, I saw in a newspaper a statement that a talking machine had been invented. My mental reaction was, "This is another newspaper lie." However, a few years later I placed tubes in my ears, for that was the way it had to be done, and listened to a phonograph talk. For this privilege I paid five cents.

The first telephone I ever saw was in the store of Mr. J. B. Streater. It extended from his store to his residence about one quarter of a mile away. The sending and receiving part of the telephone consisted of a hollow rectangular frame about ten by twelve inches in size, over the hollow center of which was stretched a thin membrane. To use the phone one had to tap on the membrane with a small wooden pestle furnished with the machine to call the attention of the one at the opposite end of the system. Then it was only necessary to hold the lips near the membrane and talk against the membrane to send,or to hold the ear near the membrane to receive, Forty years later I saw the same telephone again. It is likely still to be found in the Streater store, at this writing. If so, it would present a striking contrast to the dial phone used today.

In 1923 I drove four miles at night to see and hear for the first time a radiophone. The following year a neighbor gave the school then under my charge a radio. After using this radio a year to two, my son, James, sent me a radio. There have been one or more radios in our home ever since. At this time we have five radios in the home and one in the car.

I saw a kaleidoscope in my boyhood, a magic lantern in my youth, a stereoscope in my maturity, and a moving picture for the first time after I had married. However, I have never yet seen a television machine or a televised production.

ADDENDA

The quotations found below are some of many which have furnished inspiration and encouragement by their truth and beauty. The authors of none of them have been given because so few of them were known.

Man proposes, but God disposes.

There is a destiny that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we may.

If ye abide in me and my word abide in you, ye may ask what you will and it shall be done unto you.

Memory, a pensive Ruth, went gleaning the fields of childhood and found the fruit all golden, the flowers all fair.

Swinging on a grapevineswing, Listening to the wild birds sing,
I dream and sigh of the days gone by, Swinging on a grapevine swing.

Many a gem of purest ray serene, The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear
Many a flower is doomed to blush unseen, And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Keep on keeping on.

A quitter never wins, a winner never quits.

Plan your work and work your plans.

A stitch in time saves nine.

Do it now.

Make an immediate and permanent record.

Method is the hinge of business.

The great secret of success is being ready when the opportunity comes.

Common sense in an uncommon degree is what the world calls wisdom.

Do the best you can, and the best you can use will always be yours.

He lives longest and most who puts most into life.

They are always successful who use their failures as stepping stones.

It costs more to neglect one's duties than to accomplish them.

Opinions have a value, convictions move the world.

Not in the clamor of the crowded street, Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng, But in ourselves is victory or defeat.

We become like that we constantly admire.

He lives most who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

No life can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife,
And all life not stronger and purer thereby

Be noble and the nobleness that lies in other men, sleeping but never dead,
Will rise to meet your own.

Drudgery is the grey angel of success.

Are we to mark this day with a white or black stone?

Learn to use the circumstances of life and not be at their mercy.

Little minds are tamed and sobered by misfortunes; but great minds rise above them.

We will find the grail when we use it.

The blessing comes when we have forgotten the service rendered.

Self-truce is the essence of heroism.

What is defeat; nothing but education. Nothing but the first step to something better.

It is well to think well; it is divine to act well.

Not knowest them what argument, Thy life to thy neighbor's creed hath lent.

Spin cheerfully, not tearfully, Tho' wearily you plod
Spin carefully, spin prayerfully, But learn the thread of God.

Wear the white flower of a blameless life.

Blessed is the man who hasn't said it.

If you lie down with dogs you will get up with fleas.

The hog never looks up to him who threshes the acorns down.

Repetition is the hammer that welds the chain of habit.

When one ceases to go up, he begins to go down.

An idea is the strongest thing in the world.

Great minds have purposes; others have only wishes.

People do not lack strength, they lack will.

NOTE: 1. The brevity and limited range of the foregoing is due to the original aim in beginning the paper; namely, as a means of practice in learning touch typing.

2. Repetitions, want of organization, and lack of illogical arrangement are due to the fact that many of the parts were written with often weeks or even months elapsing between the writing of parts, when the memory would not recall what had been written before.

3. Opportunity to draw a lesson or point a moral has been left to the reader.